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The Week

WITHIN ten days, the four most important powers concerned have restated their attitude toward the European situation—England by the Curzon note, Germany by the change in her government, France by the new Poincaré declaration, America by the Hughes note. In none of these declarations of policy is there anything which leads to the hope that the existing deadlock will be broken in the near future. The American statement was merely formal notice that the Harding administration's attitude toward Europe will be continued. His policy had but a single important point: the continuing willingness of the United States to be represented on a new international committee of experts which should determine Germany's capacity to pay. The French profess to find comfort in the attached condition that all the Allies must agree in advance to accept the conclusion such a body of experts might reach. They believe the United States is thus pledged not to support Great Britain in the coercion hinted in the Curzon note. It is obvious, however, that if we should muster up courage enough to interfere in European affairs at all, this proviso would be swept aside as soon as the necessity for doing so became evident.

THE American press professes to see an advance toward conciliation in the terms of the Poincaré note as predicted by the correspondents. This is a judgment in which we are unable to concur. The French Premier had previously promised what he now reiterates, to reduce the French share to 26,000,000,000 gold marks plus whatever must be paid on the war debts to England and America. He again demands an end of passive resistance before any negotiation with Germany begins. Even if the Germans surrender abjectly, the occupation of the Ruhr will continue. The military forces there will be reduced only in so far as French domination can be insured by a smaller force. True, his Sunday speech was placatory in form, and referred to the necessity for preserving the Entente. He is willing, in fact, to do anything for the Entente—short of following a course with which Great Britain or America can agree. His note and Lord Curzon's should be final proof, if anyone remains so stubbornly blind as to need it, that the Alliance is at an end. Germany is today no more than a pawn in the game between France and Great Britain. The former seeks, and has secured, the hegemony of Europe. The latter, for the sake of her own world position and in part influenced by a decent desire to see the European chaos ended, is determined to thwart the French aim—if she can.

GENERAL HENRY T. ALLEN, who was head of the American Army on the Rhine, has proposed in a recent memorandum to the State Department that the Rhineland should be made an independent buffer state between France and Germany, while remaining a member of the German Reich, and subject to Berlin in foreign relations. The State Department, it appears, has actually sounded

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out the powers on this suggestion, which was, however, decisively rejected, especially by Germany herself. This is a remarkable bit of news to become known only when General Allen forced the hand of the State department by making his proposal public. By a coincidence, it comes at the moment when the separatist movement in the Rhineland has sprung up with redoubled vigor. Its leaders have publicly appealed to the people not to pay German taxes, and have asked the French government to provide them with a new currency. Despite the repeated official denials, there are few sophisticated people in Europe who do not believe that France has been behind the separatist movement from the beginning, just as she is working tooth and nail to alienate the inhabitants of the Saar Valley from Germany.

THE Stresemann government remains quiescent in the face of a situation in which it can do little which gives any hope of permanent relief for the unhappy German people. The Reichstag has, of course, reaffirmed the policy of passive resistance; the Socialists have shown that they intend to take an active share in the government, by their ultimatum demanding the resignation of Havenstein and von Glasenoff from the Reichsbank; and the collection of the new taxes has begun on such a scale that shop keepers are reported to be stripped of all currency by their payments. Even if the mark were to be stabilized and a drastic capital levy enforced, however, Germany's difficulties remain unabated. The new Poincaré statement demands a total reparations payment of 65,000,000,000 to 70,000,000,000 gold marks. Whether Germany could pay this if she were given every opportunity to do so, is a question on which economists and financiers are divided; but no authority is foolish enough to contend that she can pay any such sum under the restrictions which have been imposed on her. The likelihood that these restrictions will be abated may be judged from the action of the reparations commission last week when it notified the Stresemann government that a gold loan for the purpose of stabilizing the currency will be liable to confiscation under the terms of the treaty.

ONE week after the remains of the late President had been laid to rest, came the final ratification of the Five Power and Four Power treaties which were not only the greatest achievement of his administration but the only ones to which in all probability history will attach any importance. The event has a significance which we would not belittle. The ten year naval holiday as to capital ships is the first incident of its kind in modern history; and the Four Power treaty has undoubtedly helped to lessen the likelihood of war in the Pacific, not so much by its terms as by the atmosphere which developed during the Washington Conference when representatives of the nations assembled and frankly discussed their mutual grievances.

IT must be said, however, that the world receives the news of ratification in a far different mood from that in which it greeted the termination of the Conference itself. We realize now that the plan of securing agreement among the nations by occasional unrelated conferences is a hopelessly quixotic scheme in the present state of the world's development. It is only possible at such a moment as followed the Great War, when international fear and hatred were temporarily at low ebb because of sheer exhaustion. And even so, it is successful only in the most limited field. The future in the Pacific was fixed without reference to two powers vitally concerned in it: China and Russia. The naval weapons of the future are the submarine and the airplane, neither of which was limited even for so short a period as ten years.

THIS fact was pointed out admirably a few days ago by a man whom we are doubly glad to praise because we have not always been able to agree with him on other subjects. Col. Alvin Owsley, National Commander of the American Legion, sailed a few days ago to attend a meeting of Fidas, an international association of war veterans. At that meeting, he promised, the American delegation will seek support for a resolution demanding an international conference to reduce aerial armament. France, he pointed out, has an airplane navy equal to the combined forces of the rest of the world. England is building rapidly, under the theory that her forces must equal those of France. Italy is also engaged in the race. Colonel Owsley recalls that the Interallied Veterans' Federation at its New Orleans meeting last October advocated universal disarmament and the settlement of international disputes through a world court. This is excellent doctrine, doubly welcome as coming from a body of military men, and we wish Colonel Owsley all success with his resolution.

JUST as the United States reaches an amicable understanding with Mexico, the Cuban quarrel develops into a near crisis and the situation in the Philippines passes from a political to an economic phase. President Coolidge, as any student of his career could have predicted he would do, has strongly warned the Cuban government both on the proposed Tarafa bill and on the restoration of the Cuban lottery, abolition of which was one of the conditions of the recent $50,000,000 loan. In the Philippines, General Wood has been forced to play what is presumably his strongest card. He has revealed the text of his suppressed report

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of last February, declaring the Philippine National Bank to be in a critical condition as the result of mismanagement in which he obviously feels the native government is implicated.

THE agreement between the American and Mexican conferees is a compromise which is probably as satisfactory as such solutions ever are. American owners of oil properties in Mexico which were acquired for that specific purpose prior to May 1, 1917, when the new Constitution came into effect, will continue in the undisputed ownership of the sub-soil petroleum rights. Oil lands purchased subsequent to that date are subject to the Constitution which reserves the technical ownership of all mineral rights to the government. In practice, this provision means the levying of heavy taxes in kind on oil production. As to agrarian land, the ruling is virtually the same. An important point which is left unsettled has to do with lands bought by Americans prior to 1917, which are now alleged to have been purchased for oil drilling, though no official notice to that effect had been made when the new Constitution took effect. There are also numerous claims for damages by Americans arising from the decade of revolution, and by Mexicans arising from the Pershing expedition and the occupation of Vera Cruz. There is good reason to believe that these questions will be settled, that the senates of the two countries will ratify and the long and inexcusable period of official hostility toward the government of Mexico will end. Incidentally, the terms of the agreement show no reason why the settlement should not have taken place years ago.

THE anthracite problem, President Coolidge's appointment of his secretary, and the great gasoline war are the chief minor incidents of the week's domestic news. The United States Coal Commission has virtually ordered the operators and miners to renew the negotiations which ended on July 27th. In the event of a strike, it promises to hold up to public odium the party in the dispute which it deems most culpable; and will recommend to the government such steps as seem necessary to prevent public suffering. President Coolidge has learned something of the fierce light which beats upon a throne, through the trouble created by his appointment of former Representative Campbell Bascom Slemp of Virginia, as his secretary. Slemp, as self-revealed by his correspondence, seems to have the conventional politician's mind and to indulge in the conventional politician's practices, including the virtual enforcement of "contributions" to the party campaign chest from persons appointed to minor government posts. The gasoline war, which has now spread from coast to coast, has brought widespread demands for a general investigation, which is clearly needed.

WHAT part did President Coolidge play in the famous Boston police strike which resulted, indirectly, in his attaining his present office? The New York Tribune, going on the apparent assumption that every President must always have an unstained career behind him, has recently published a series of three articles supporting the view that he deserved all the credit which his alleged heroism brought him. The headlines tell the story: "Coolidge, Unmoved by Threat of Political Ruin, Saved Boston from Terror in Police Strike;" "Records Reveal Coolidge as Decisive Factor in Ending Boston Police Strike in 1919." This is all very fine, if one reads only the Tribune. If one reads the New York World, he learns, however, that "Coolidge, during Boston Police Strike, Left Entire Settlement to 'Constituted Authorities' . . . Report of Committee Gives Credit to Peters. . . . Several Vain Appeals Made to the Governor." In the text of the article appear some very interesting quotations from the report of the Citizens' Committee of Thirty-Four, headed by James J. Storrow, of the banking house of Lee, Higginson & Co.

THE strike began on a Tuesday afternoon. Rioting occurred during that night, and next morning Mayor Peters took the situation into his own hands. It was then clear, says the report, "that the situation was a military one." The Mayor therefore called out all the troops in the city. "By Thursday morning, order had been generally restored in the city. On Thursday afternoon, Sept. 11, the Governor assumed control of the situation as indicated by his proclamation of that date." This proclamation, the World points out, marked the first step taken by the Governor in the emergency. Next day the men returned to work. In justice to Mr. Coolidge it must be pointed out that he has never made any claim of having been a hero in this situation. That has been left to his admiring friends, including the New York Tribune. Perhaps the latter will now come forward and explain all over again how its interpretation of the event is to be reconciled with the official Storrow report.

AMBASSADOR GEDDES'S report on conditions at Ellis Island is more favorable than one would have supposed from the bitter complaints which have for years been made against the immigration station by people detained there. But many of the improvements he urges are so elementary that it is hard to understand why they weren't made sometime back in the last century. We have no business to talk about the unwashed immigrants, as we love to do, if we can't keep the first acre of America they see decently clean. We should make it a point of pride that the foreigner enters America through shining gates of Ivory

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Soap. And we agree entirely with Sir Auckland that the delays and suffering caused by the process of appeal to Washington are nothing short of "diabolic." We are glad to learn from Commissioner Curran and ex-Commissioner Tod that what Sir Auckland calls "the quaint custom" of submitting those sentenced to deportation to lectures on Americanization by "well-meaning, kindly people, with heads softer even than their hearts," prevailed under an administration previous to theirs, and has for some time been abandoned. "Americanization," if downright cruelty when imposed upon exit, is justifiable at entrance only on condition that it takes the form not of words but of an exhibition, by ourselves, of those qualities of cleanliness, speed and kindness which we can display when we think it worth while.

THE Ku Klux Klan has been through an unusually busy week. It has bought Valparaiso University; has engaged in a near-war with the citizens of Steubensville, Ohio; has lost its injunction suit against Hearst's Magazine, intended to halt the publication of articles about itself; has been enjoined temporarily from functioning as a chartered fraternal body in New York; and is said to be in a fury of indignation because at a meeting of the Knights of Columbus at Montreal a message from President Coolidge was read, expressing his good will and admiration for the order. This message appears to have been written several years ago; but the Knights of the Fiery Cross, having tasted blood, are reported to be determined to get a public repudiation by the President, on pain of defeat for both himself and his party in 1924. This is doubly interesting, because it implies a frank recognition that the Klan is now in politics. It uses whip and tar pot when the victim is obscure and helpless, the ballot box when he is not.

WE hold no brief for the dealings of the United States with Cuba, but when Sir Edward Grigg at the Williamstown Institute of Politics compares them with those of the British with Egypt we admit that it turns us fair sick. It is true, Sir Edward limits this comparison to events after the beginning of the occupation, but in so doing he begs the whole question. The United States entered Cuba to support an insurrection of the inhabitants against foreign tyranny. The British entered Egypt to suppress a native revolution against a government which had become the instrument of foreign tyranny. The United States declared its purpose in regard to Cuba in the Platt Amendment, which pledge it has on the whole kept. Great Britain declared its purpose in regard to Egypt in repeated promises to evacuate the country, which promises have for forty years been scraps of paper. The United States sent advisers to Cuba who may have presumed on the power at their back to convert advice into commands. The British sent Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener to Egypt as rulers responsible to London. The spirit of the British occupation may be inferred from Bernard Shaw's account of the Denshawi affair in the preface to John Bull's Other Island. We should like to ask Sir Edward if there is anything like it in the history of the American relations with Cuba. Sir Edward complains that Great Britain was faced with a more complex problem in Egypt than we had in Cuba. Exactly so, and for the reasons which we have stated above. As to the comparison of the present relations of Great Britain and Egypt with those of the United States and Cuba, we can only say that we have not noticed that the United States was trying Cubans by martial law or exiling their popular leaders.

BILL ROPER, Princeton football coach, is also in his leisure moments the Hon. W. W. Roper, member of the Philadelphia City Council. In the latter capacity, he has just made himself a hero to the newspapers by going to jail for two days "to see what it is like" and to make sure that the City of Brotherly Love treats its prisoners in the spirit which that appellation suggests. Bill's humanitarian idea has provided the daily journals with a stickful of news on a dull day, but as far as practical value is concerned, he could have learned as much by taking a midwinter cruise to Buenos Aires. The odds are at least eight to one that he was not treated as is the ordinary prisoner. Even if he were, to endure discomfort for forty-eight hours, as a lark, and with the realization always present that you can end it with ten words whenever you like, is one thing; but to be the involuntary guest of the warden for one to six months, alone and friendless, is different.

The Nemesis of France

DURING the past few weeks the reparations problem has taken on a more critical and dangerous appearance than at any time since May 1919. The prolonged period of hesitation, compromise, agitation and negotiation is apparently over and the culminating period of conflict and catastrophe which the negotiations sought to avert is about to begin. The outlook is forbidding. Before the conflict is over it may prove as costly for Europe and America as the Great War itself.

Yet the precipitation of the conflict is likely to bring with it one compensation. Those who can scrutinize without flinching the facts as they are now being unfolded have come into one advantage which they never had before and which may in the end prove to be salutary. The events of the

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past few weeks have blocked up a number of bland vistas through which many liberals all over the world have hoped for an ultimate way out. The closing of these illusory vistas may not instigate the discovery of some method of escape, but it has accomplished an indispensable negative benefit. Until they were closed, Europe could never have braced itself for the prodigious destructive and constructive effort which is necessary for its final deliverance.

What then are the veritable motives which, as the developments of the last few weeks have revealed, have informed and still inform the conflicting policies of the major allied governments with respect to reparations? The French government, as the consequence of its controversy with the British government and the increasing distress and anarchy in Germany, has sketched fearlessly and distinctly its immediate and ultimate objectives. Its immediate objective is to overcome the passive resistance of the German people to the seizure of the Ruhr and to compel a group of men which looks like a German government to accept in writing the permanent economic and political subjugation of Germany to France. The French leaders can hardly expect that the German nation will observe an agreement which a government improvised for the purpose would sign under drastic compulsion. They know perfectly well that an obnoxious promise extorted from the Germans only by the imminent danger of starvation, would prevent rather than promote the creation of a political agency which was remotely competent to carry it out.

Their policy is designed not to reach a possible agreement with Germany but to break down the spirit of the German nation and to shatter its political unity. They plan to humiliate their enemy so utterly and irretrievably that any future resurrection of German national vitality would necessarily involve a life-and-death struggle between the two nations. In this way they expect to force their fellow countrymen to pursue to the bitter end the policy upon which they have already embarked of ruining and dismembering the German Reich. Liberals here and in England have counted on the election to the Chamber of Deputies in May 1924 of a more conciliatory and less nationalistic majority; and no doubt politicians like Poincaré and Tardieu will be less powerful in the next Chamber than they are at present and politicians like Loucheur and Heriot more powerful. Yet unless the new majority is sincerely socialist it will not dare to reverse the Poincaré policy. M. Poincaré, sedulously fomenting an irreconcilable feud between France and Germany, has rendered it almost impossible for any French government whose behavior is determined by the prevalent psychology and ideals of the middle class to allow Germany to recover.

Associated with the immediate objective of breaking the German national spirit is the ultimate objective of French domination in Europe. The French government no longer even pretends to seek reparations in cash or in kind. It is deliberately doing its best to destroy the economic and political organization which alone is capable of paying reparations. Neither is it seeking security. No doubt it expects some increase of security in one direction as the result of a disintegrated Germany, but in other directions it is deliberately courting the enmity of the British and ultimately the American people. Hereafter France, like all aggressive nations which injure and oppress their neighbors and scorn the decent public opinion of the world, will have to live not securely but dangerously. M. Poincaré, with the support or connivance of all the political parties except the Socialists, has wagered the safety of his country on its ability to remain indefinitely the dominant military power in Europe. The abandonment of this policy would involve a loss of prestige and an exposure to reprisal which none but a Socialist government, a government of despair and revolt, would have the desperate hardihood to incur.

The political leaders of Great Britain are now fully aware that France has taken advantage of the victory over Germany, won with Russian, Italian, American and British assistance, to establish herself as the dominant military power in Europe. They have at last decided to resist the French ambition, and they have begun by practically resigning from the alliance with France and by publicly accusing her of waging war on Germany for selfish national purposes. But they have to proceed much more cautiously in resisting France than they have whenever in the past they proposed to oppose the ambition of some dominant military power on the Continent. They are not prepared morally, politically or militarily to fight France. The memories of the Great War are still so vivid that at present the idea of associating themselves with Germany in conflict with France is intolerable, and they are only too well aware that another war would ruin their own precarious financial, economic and social structure. They must accomplish without war a political result which they have already failed to accomplish by negotiations and which in the past has almost never been accomplished except by war.

Manifestly there is one other way in which they can conceivably defeat French ambition without war. They might build up on the Continent a coalition against France so powerful that the French people, before it is too late, would shrink back from the appalling dangers which the policy of M. Poincaré's government necessarily brings with it. They might form such a coalition but we do not believe they will. The French government already disposes of the foreign policies of

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Belgium, Poland and the Little Entente, while Great Britain can count only on a Germany that is economically, socially and politically disorganized. British statesmen could not seek the support of Hungary without certainly alienating that of Italy nor could they in any event purchase or win the assistance of a government so egotistically Italian in its foreign policy as that of Mussolini.

Their only chance is to sign an agreement with a recovered Russia; but the negotiation of any such agreement would be a slow, a difficult and a dangerous enterprise. It would be slow because a long time must elapse before Russia will possess enough surplus energy and self confidence to challenge French ambitions. It would be difficult because the French would be mortally afraid of the formation of a Russian, German and British combination against them and would plan to prevent it at any cost. Finally, if such a combination were possible, the British, as the friends of peace and stability, would have almost as much reason to fear and avoid it as the French. Great Britain would find a German-Russian domination of the European continent no less obnoxious than a French domination. This oppression of France by Germany and Russia would ruffle the British sense of fair play even more than the existing oppression of Germany by France.

For these reasons the resistance of Great Britain to France is, we believe, as little likely to assume an aggressive diplomatic form as a military one. If the British rulers are really seeking a comparatively stable and peaceable international order, they will not bring it about by either diplomatic or military manoeuvres analogous to those of the French government in the promotion of French national ambitions at the expense of the welfare of other peoples. They can for the present only withdraw from the continent and pursue patiently a policy of watchful waiting. There is under the circumstances just one chance of rescuing Europe from French domination without substituting for it something as bad or worse. The results of French policy promise to be so disastrous to social order in Europe that a spontaneous uprising against it which will override all ordinary diplomatic and military scruples is likely to take place on such a scale as to stagger even a middle class French government. The advent of such an uprising within the next year is most probable; and if and when it comes the British government will obtain its opportunity effectively to oppose French political aggression.

There is, so far as we can see, no practicable way of bringing coercion to bear on France at any time in the near future save the expensive way of allowing to accumulate on her shoulders and those of Europe the disastrous consequences of her misdeeds. Should these consequences take a long time to accrue, the remedy might prove to be only another way of killing the patient, but we do not believe that they will take a long time to accrue. They have been gathering for years behind the dam of the Treaty of Versailles. It cannot hold much longer. When it goes it will unloose rebellious political and social forces which, as M. Poincaré himself or even Hiram Johnson may recognize, cannot be subdued save by a conference of all the nations—and a peace of reconciliation.

Radicalism and the Bar

THE Citizenship Committee of the American Bar Association, in anticipation of the annual meeting at Minneapolis August 28-31, has given out for publication its report, the character of which may be deduced from the following sentences: "It is stated on competent authority that there are 1,500,000 radicals in the country who are clamoring for a change in the nature of our government from its present form to one of various degrees of a communistic state. It is said there are 400 newspapers and periodicals that represent similar views and that are read regularly by 5,000,000 people. It is also said that $3,000,000 was spent during the last year on behalf of 'red' propaganda." Whatever scepticism may be permissible in regard to the figures which the committee recites so glibly, there is no doubt that there is dissatisfaction with the present administration of public affairs. The American Bar Association will do well to devote its earnest consideration to the sources of this dissatisfaction and the remedies.

To follow the report of the committee: "Dangerous elements are actually moving toward a revolution in America both openly and secretly, because national problems have not been thoroughly discussed." This analysis does not impress us as exhaustive, but the remedy of discussion is undoubtedly specific in a democracy provided the discussion be free. The Constitution—"inroads" upon which, the committee believes, have alarmed "thoughtful men"—contains for the safety of our democratic system, certain well known provisions for freedom of speech, press, and assembly. The New Republic has repeatedly furnished concrete instances of the denial of these rights of citizenship, particularly in the states of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and California. We believe that the Association may well give some attention to the suppression of freedom of discussion.

Another remedy suggested by the committee is likewise specific in a democracy. The enforcement of law without favor, fear or prejudice is essential to that respect for law which is a condition of democratic government. The committee of the Association on law enforcement has presented year after year a more and more gloomy picture of our falling off in this respect, and Presi-

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dent Harding recently called attention to the "widespread violation, official corruption, and individual demoralization" which marked his administration. The gigantic frauds perpetrated against the country in connection with the war have gone for the most part without official notice. An Assistant Secretary of War under Baker has been indicted, but we have seen no evidence of any intention to follow the trail. Surely this is not an example of "swift and impartial justice." The report of the Select Committee of the House of Representatives on Expenditures in the War Department accuses an officer of the army of making a settlement of a claim by a corporation of which the present Secretary of the Treasury is an officer, which settlement "constitutes a palpable fraud upon the Government." Other corporations in which Secretary Mellon is interested have been accused of fraud under the Volstead Act and the Income Tax Act; and his appointment is alleged to be in violation of the United States law. We have repeatedly called attention to the corruption in connection with the enforcement of the Volstead Act, which according to a Washington Grand Jury has reached the Department of Justice itself. We believe that the Association might properly show its zeal by a thorough investigation of recent cases of violation of law, or compounding with felony in high places.

We are glad that the committee will call upon the Association for unified effort to meet the challenge of radical propaganda in this country. We trust that the effect of this call will be to inspire the Association to organized activity through its committees, and also to the awakening of a spirit of cooperation on the part of its local bodies and individual members. The lawyers of the country, like the medical practitioners, are a privileged body of men, with very definite responsibilities for the maintenance of certain institutions of public welfare. In the past few years they have tended to shirk these responsibilities. At the time when, in view of public excitement, the enforcement of law was peculiarly liable to miscarriage, it was difficult and in some cases impossible to obtain legal counsel for the accused. Lawyers behaved in many instances as if an accusation under certain laws was tantamount to conviction. With some memorable and honorable exceptions they sat silent under a usurpation of authority by the legal department of the government and an abuse of power by the judges which recalls the history of England under James the Second. In particular we should like to remind the American Bar Association of three or four outstanding cases which by a large and respectable body of public opinion are regarded as flagrant miscarriages of justice. There is the case of Mooney in California, of which an exhaustive review by Professor Frankfurter appeared in The New Republic, for January 18, 1921. There are Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts, who remain in jail though the evidence on which they were convicted has been in large part impugned. There are seven I. W. W.s sentenced to from twenty-five to forty years imprisonment in the state of Washington, on a conviction for murder in connection with the attack by the American Legion on their headquarters at Centralia. Six of the jurors who convicted these men have confessed that they returned a verdict of guilty because they dared not acquit. The only action which the brotherhood of the bar would seem to have taken in this case is to bring disbarment proceedings against Elmer Smith, the lawyer who in the face of violent prejudice defended the accused I .W. W. members. There are finally the thirty-two men still held in federal prisons for violation of the Espionage Law. The American Bar Association has in these cases an opportunity either to justify the public opinion which seeks to right judicial wrong, or to allay the growing feeling that legal procedure in the United States is systematically perverted to the purposes of private vendetta. In any case, we submit that here is an occasion on which the Association can meet the challenge of radical propaganda in the most effective way, and bring forth fruits meet for the good citizenship of which its committee is so solicitous.

The Paramount Public

JUDGE WILKERSON makes permanent Mr. Daugherty's injunction against the railroad shopmen, and Mr. Daugherty announces that it will render impossible another railroad strike. The Coal Commission recommends that the President be authorized to take over the anthracite mines in case of a strike and "operate" them, subject only to the decision of the courts as to what return capital may claim. On all sides it is said that the interest of the public is paramount and that necessary industries must produce continuously, regardless of the disputes of those engaged in them.

There is no doubt that in the long run the interest of the public in industry should be paramount. We are living in a closely integrated world, and every advance of technique seems to integrate it still more closely. Trouble in one member affects all others. As machine civilization develops we may arrive at a situation wherein the breakdown of any important part would be calamitous. There is no fault to be found with the generality. There is, however, a considerable amount of fault to be found with the crudeness and stupidity of its current expression.

Modern industry is not a machine, because it is composed of partly incalculable human forces. In so far as it may be compared with a machine, however, the attitude of the injunction-mongers lacks

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ingenuity, to say the least. You are driving, let us say, an automobile, model 1905. It is important to you that the automobile should go. Two parts conflict, and the motor stops. You become angry, you decree that the car must continue, you shout for your rights. At length you make some hasty repair, jam on the gas, and force the issue. You may get a few miles more out of it. A mechanic, on the other hand, would depend not on mechanical force but on mechanical justice. He would advocate prolonging the stoppage, if necessary, to make repairs. He would know that the halt was the motor's way of saying that it was not properly built or properly operated.

When 400,000 railroad shopmen went on strike last year, they did not do it capriciously. They had impelling motives. It was stupid to say that regardless of these motives, the strike must be broken because of the public's paramount interest in transportation. The motives themselves, expressed and unexpressed, were the crucial problem, even if no consideration were given to justice to the strikers. The interest of the public really demanded that these motives should be understood and adjusted to railroad operation.

But, answer the spokesmen of the public, we were forehanded. We had our mechanics go over the machine before the breakdown occurred. The Railroad Labor Board was there for the express purpose of adjusting difficulties, and the fault therefore lies in the part that gave way. Perhaps so. Perhaps the 400,000 shopmen ought to have been tossed out on the scrap pile and 400,000 new shopmen bolted into the same situation. But on the whole it seems more reasonable to conclude either that the railroad machine was of such poor design or obdurate material that the Labor Board could not tinker it up, or that the Labor Board consisted of inefficient mechanics.

Setting up quasi-judicial bodies to render decisions on industrial disputes is not, under present conditions, a perfect remedy for all industrial dislocations. It does not furnish a good reason for decreeing that strikes are unlawful. The persons in executive control of industry are those representing one party alone—the capital invested. They can do what they like without discontinuing service. If labor is inert, either the status quo remains, or only such changes occur as are desired by the executives. When labor desires to make a change or to resist one it must cease to be inert. It must protest, and the only force behind such a protest is the threat to discontinue. The difference in the status of the two parties before the public is therefore crucial. When representatives of the public without executive control of industry concern themselves chiefly with suppressing strikes, they are, in the nature of the case, taking sides with capital. Not unless executive control passes to the public or is shared equally with labor will this fundamental situation be altered.

Arbitration boards are, it is true, vested with some executive functions in the way of fixing wages and working conditions. But these functions are narrowly limited by factors over which they have no control. They are bidden to take into account wages in similar occupations which have no adjustment boards, and perhaps even no union organization. They have no control over the efficiency of management. They have no control over basic economic organization. They cannot prevent overcapitalization. They cannot regulate profit. (The courts hold a final veto on that, regardless of any law that might be passed, for capital has "natural rights" under the Constitution.) They cannot fix the prices of what the workmen have to buy. They cannot even fix executive salaries. When the Railroad Labor Board reduced wages in June 1922, and the government set out to enforce the reduction, public authority in effect decreed as follows:

> Your wages shall be 70 cents an hour, 7 cents less than you have been receiving. We shall enforce this reduction in spite of the fact that we cannot force the railroads to eliminate the water in their capitalization, that we cannot force them to combine or practise operating economies, that we cannot reduce the salaries of the executives, some of which range above $40 an hour, that we cannot regulate your rent or the price of your clothing and groceries.

And the net result of the reduction now seems to be that the railroads are averaging a fair profit even on the inflated valuation, without sound economies of organization and operation. Some of them are making far better than a fair profit.

Perhaps the public, through its representatives, has the right to say what it thinks wages ought to be. But certainly it is not equitable to insist that the workmen cannot organize resistance to such a decree. Either the public must become paramount over all the factors of production and distribution, or regulation must retreat a few steps pending more fundamental measures.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Legality of the Ruhr Occupation

"THE highest legal authorities of Great Britain have advised His Majesty's Government that the Franco-Belgian action in occupying the Ruhr is not a sanction authorized by the Treaty." These words from the new British note modify so profoundly the juridical and diplomatic situation that I would like to discuss them by themselves in their reference to the future and the past apart from the many other issues raised by the note in its entirety.

The effect of this opinion is to declare that the Franco-Belgian invasion is by international law what it appears to be by common sense—an act of war—and that Poincaré's elaborate pretenses of legality are without foundation. If France disputes, as no doubt she does, this interpretation of the Treaty, she has bound herself by Article XIII of the Covenant of the League to submit the dispute to arbitration. Moreover, she is doubly bound to accept the arbitration because the same annex to the Reparation section of the Treaty upon which she bases her case provides that the Reparation Commission itself can only interpret the Treaty by unanimous vote, so that as soon as one member dissents, the Commission is for this purpose functus officio, and the general provisions of the Covenant come into force. Lord Curzon invites Poincaré to accept arbitration, but he has not yet pointed out that Poincaré is bound to accept the invitation.

If France repudiates her obligation under the Covenant, it is still competent under Article XIV for either the Council or the Assembly of the League to refer the question to the Permanent Court of International Justice for advisory opinion.

In the event of the Arbitral Court's supporting the opinion of the law officers of the British Crown, the occupation becomes an act of war. But the process of law does not stop, as formerly it did, there. At this point Article XVII of the Covenant, which provides for the case of dispute between a member of the League and a non-member, comes into operation. By this article, the State which is not a member of the League "shall be invited to accept the obligations of membership in the League for purpose of such dispute upon such conditions as the Council may deem just." If this invitation is accepted, all the provisions of the Covenant which delay recourse to acts of war come into force, particularly the article by which members of the League "agree in no case to resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators, or the report by arbitrators, or report by council."

Lord Curzon's note makes no reference to Articles XVII and XII of the Covenant for the obvious reasons that they are equally effective against action threatened on former occasions by the British government itself under Lloyd George. But once we have set out on the pathway of legality there is no turning back. The extraordinary significance of the thirty-second paragraph of the British declaration of August 11, 1923, lies here. The British government has committed itself to the view that the occupation of the Ruhr is a lawless act of war. It is impossible after this that we should not proceed to invoke the full force of the Covenant of the League. For the first time the Covenant is clothed with power and majesty and steps out of the clouds to the dusty floor of Europe.

It is the moment when all of us must withdraw our former criticisms and stand with the full strength of union behind Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon in their difficult and dangerous task. Nevertheless it is not possible to overlook entirely the reflection which the new decision throws backward on past events. More than two years ago the present writer published at full length all the legal points mentioned above and expressed the opinion now endorsed by the law officers and on the same ground. At that time Lloyd George chose to ignore such considerations. Between March 1920 and May 1921 the invasion of Germany beyond the Rhine was threatened five times and carried out twice. In three of the five threats and in one of the two occupations the British government participated. Lord Curzon attempted to argue that even so the British government cannot be convicted of inconsistency, because the threats and the occupation in which they participated were not claimed to be in pursuance of special rights under the Treaty of Versailles, but were in the nature of a renewal of war. He forgets that in the ultimatum delivered by word of mouth to Dr. Simons on March 3, 1921, by Lloyd George speaking on behalf of the Allied governments, the occupation of the three towns on the right bank of the Rhine was threatened as a course justified "under the Treaty of Versailles" by the fact that Germany was deliberately in default. He forgets also that if Lloyd George was not acting in pursuance of special rights under the Treaty, he was precluded by the Covenant from the renewal of war "except after due process and delay under the auspices of the League."

We now have, therefore, the highest legal authority for the views always entertained by many laymen that on three occasions Lloyd

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George violated international right. It is better that we should acknowledge this than remain consistent in wrong courses. In time, I expect, we will attempt to redress the other great violation of right committed by Lloyd George in claiming reparation for pensions on legal quibblings even more flimsy and worthless than those put forward in the present case. The note of August 11th at least makes a beginning in that vindication of the law, without which disarmament and peace can never be established.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

London.
(By cable.)

What Is a Farmer?

WHAT is a farmer? When Congress instructs the President to put a farmer on the Federal Reserve Board, when salaries of officers of farm organizations go higher than those of Cabinet members, when political jobs of all grades beckon to men who can appeal successfully for the votes of their brother farmers, the question—to many ambitious men—becomes a practical one.

When a legislative representative of an organization like the Farmers' Union or the Farm Bureau or the Grange goes to Congress and says: "The farmers want so and so," it is the custom for some Congressman to ask somewhat pointedly: "How many farmers do you actually represent?" A more significant question, as yet unasked, would be: "What kind of farmers do you represent?"

Unfortunately no ready answer is possible. Getting into a farm organization is a very easy job. Any man who once lived on a farm and now owns farm property has a good claim. Even a man who never actually farmed in his life, but who owns farm land and shows a little interest in farm affairs, is often classed as a farmer so far as farm organizations are concerned.

Actually farmers split up into several distinct classes by virtue of their economic position. The man who lives in town and operates half a dozen farms, the man who owns a big farm clear and whose income comes largely from the interest upon his investment rather than from his labor, the farm tenant, the farm laborer, all have interests that differ and differ very widely. Yet they are all classed as farmers and urged to join the same organizations. So many different classes of farmers grouped together in one association is a reason for the gift of the average farm organization for compromise and ineffectual action.

The classes named above group into two main divisions—working farmers and owning farmers. A working farmer looks to the wages he gets for his labor and his management for the bulk of his income. The owning farmer relies for his income upon the interest on his investment, and is mainly concerned in finding ways of increasing that income by increase in land values, increase in rentals, and so on.

Working farmers, under this division, are in the majority all over the country, but it is the owning farmers who seem to provide the officers of farm organizations, and control the policies these organizations adopt. This is particularly true in the corn belt. The officers of leading farm organizations include professional politicians who happen to own land, retired professional men who run farms as a hobby, men who got their start on the farm, but who have spent their later and more profitable years in handling real estate or selling insurance, retired farmers with a big income from rent of land. Many are excellent men, but they all have the point of view of the owning farmer. They are concerned in getting a fair return on farm investments, and not especially worried about increasing the labor income of the average farmer.

Only at the extreme left of the farm organization movement do we find any attempt to treat economic and political problems from the working farmer's point of view. The groups associated with the Farmers' National Council take this attitude. Benjamin Marsh, the secretary, has gone so far as to recommend the passage of the Keller bill for a modified type of single tax. This offers an interesting contrast to the attitude of the Farm Bureau, which still boasts of its defeat of the Nolan bill, a single tax measure drawn up along the same lines.

In all the other organizations the owning farmer seems to dominate. The Farm Bureau is absolutely controlled by this type of mind. The Grange in most states comes in the same class, although there are liberal-minded state Granges that have broken away from the national organization. The Farmers' Union has a more liberal tinge. Several state organizations have joined the Farmers' National Council and most of the others are somewhat less under control of the land owner than the other organizations.

In the requirements for membership in these organizations there is little difference. In a good many states, any man who owns land can be a member of the Farm Bureau. As a result a good many bankers have been enrolled. In addition to bona fide agriculturalists, the Farmers' Union admits some professional men, though excluding bankers,

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lawyers and merchants. It is especially strict about the farm antecedents of its officers. This, however, appears to be more a matter of sentiment than anything else. In a State Farmers' Union convention in the Middle West I heard two leading candidates for president debating their qualifications. One wound up his speech with the statement that he was the youngest of eleven children and was born in a log cabin. The second candidate declared amid cheers that he was the youngest of thirteen children and was born in a sod hut. The sod hut candidate won.

Membership in the Grange is presumably limited to "persons engaged in agricultural pursuits." According to one of its officers, however, this provision is "very liberally construed in most Granges. Bankers, lawyers, and merchants belong to the Grange in many places." In many respects, the Grange is the most conservative of the lot, dominated by the sort of elderly farmer who has made something more than a fair living through the increase in the value of his land in the last twenty years.

Farmers, like all the rest of the population, look up to wealthy men, particularly to wealth accumulated in the handling of farm land. With this prestige and with more time and money to spare than their neighbors, the big land owners found it easy to come to the front in farm organization affairs.

There is, however, a decided revolt beginning against this condition. In many cases this sentiment has taken the form of an insistence that only dirt farmers be elected to office. "Dirt farmer," unfortunately, is an elastic term. Anyone who at some time has actually farmed seems to qualify. Your dirt farmer who is a big land owner, the bulk of whose income comes from interest on his investment or from rentals, is, of course, as much of a conservative as is your absentee land owner. The attempt to get dirt farmers into office, however, indicates that the membership has a notion that something is wrong.

In the past the job of developing an organization of working farmers with its energy directed towards getting a bigger labor income seemed rather hopeless, because every farmer, no matter how poor, clung to the hope some day to live on his income as a baby capitalist. He remembered, as many still do, the increase in land values that brought prosperity to the previous generation, and he, too, hoped for similar returns.

A period of hard times, however, gets this point of view out of the head of the average working farmer. Up in the Northwest, where the grain farmer has had hard sledding for some years, it has proved possible to appeal to the interest of farmers as workers rather than as land speculators. Even in the corn belt, always recognized as conservative until recent years, the tendency now seems to be in the same direction, fair testimony of which was in the Iowa election last year.

The conservatives' standard bid for farm support has been that the farmer is really a capitalist and has nothing in common with the forces of labor, or with any group which puts human interests above property rights. On this claim a farmer in a letter to a corn belt farm paper says:

> To my notion, that's just old fashioned bunk. I suppose it comes nearer to being true in Iowa than any place else, because we have a number of wealthy farmers, but more than ninety percent of the farmers of the country and anyway, I should guess, more than eighty percent of the farmers of Iowa, haven't a clear investment in their farms of over $10,000 apiece. Figure four percent on that, a pretty good rate for farm property, year in and year out; that's $400 a year. Now take out taxes, repairs, depreciation, etc. What little is left certainly proves that the thing the average farmer is interested in is the wages he gets for his work and his managment of the farm. His income as a capitalist very *often won't keep him in chewing tobacco.*

How soon will class conscious working farmers of this type be able to gain control of the leading farm organizations? If hard times for the farmer continue, it ought not to take more than two or three years. If a wave of prosperity for agriculture comes soon, it may take a generation. Until that happens, there will be no chance for effective cooperation of farm organizations with organized labor in either the political or the economic field. Until that time will there be no effort by farm organizations to tackle with vigor the problem of securing a higher labor income and a higher standard of living for the average farmer.

D. R. M.

Flight

A bird may curve across the sky—
A feather of dusk, a streak of song;
And save a space and a bird to fly
There may be nothing all day long.

Flying through a cloud-made place
A bird may tangle east and west,
Maddened with going, crushing space
With the arrow of its breast.

Though never wind nor motion bring
It back again from indefinite lands,
The thin blue shadow of its wing
May cross and cross above your hands.

HAZEL HALL.

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Farm-Circle

Peter Jersey walked this hill a hundred and hundred years ago,
Tumbled its roof of pillared trees, turned the rubble and bade it grow
Oat and apple, and dug to life jeweled water in rock below.

Peter Jersey tamed this hill,—wove its oaks into room and stall,
Cleaned the soil of its warm red stone, heaped in the mould of a winding wall;
There are the bones of the mill he raised, mossed by the spray of the waterfall.

Peter Jersey was rich with work, shaping daily by dream and hand—
Girth of beam in a brown-peaked loft, curl of hinge or of barrel band,
Golden fruit that was born and filled by the magic marriage of men and land.

Maker of barn and house and mill, maker of clover and apple trees,
Watching his sons in the wake of plows, his daughters minding his hens and bees,
Spreading his ninety years in the sun to thaw the age in his hands and knees,

Peter Jersey could still exult, stubbornly victor above his pains,
Conscious of life abundant, lasting . . . . Only the husk of it now remains,
And I have taken the earth he conquered,—I with my hurry of desks and trains.

Something crumbled within that kingdom, built to grow like a timeless tree;
Eyes went hunting in pale horizons worlds half builded and half to be,
Webs spun skyward from steam and fire—earth in harness and men set free.

Children of Peter Jersey's children sent their boys to the steel and steam;
Hands went slack on the rein and scythe; minds went slack where the charging stream
Smote the wheel in the ageing mill. There was dying of deed and dream.

Peter Jersey's dream burned low and died like a lamp at an end of oil;
Men go on by the dreams they know, and the dream had gone from the stubborn soil.
Plows grew rusty. The wildness crept, taking the land from the years of toil.

Peter Jersey's dream is gone, and I have taken his ruined hill,
Young with birches beside its walls, and sumach masking its gutted mill,—
I that am hurry of desks and trains, and steam and iron that wrought him ill.

Ghosts, they say, can be proud and angry. Ghosts are here where a gray roof drops,
Where peach trees bloom in the brush with dogwood, rods beyond where the orchard stops—
Ghosts with hate for the purr of engines, surge of sidewalks, and rush of shops.

Still for me they are kind. A peace is here on the house and the ruined hill;
Dawns make rainbows across the dew; noons on the meadow are droning-still;
Stars dance deep in the stream. The night ripples afar with the whip-poor-will.

Life makes circles with men, I think. Wise ghosts watch how the years re-mould,
See men breaking the gods they carved, see men scatter their gathered gold.
Laughter flutters the hillside trees. . . . Ghosts,—and the secret they think they hold.

Laugh, old phantoms, whisper and laugh. Can you guess, I wonder, farther than I?
Standing on Peter Jersey's hill, under the fire and the blue of his sky,
Slowly brooding on why I came from a world that was sudden and swift and high, —

I am more, I know, than the iron town that snared his sons from the dream he knew.
I am love for the freedom and urge of his soil, its rough green flooring, its roof of blue.
Maybe I'm love of his work as well—maybe I'm Peter Jersey, too.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

Impulse

Would you jig, O lusty loin?
O brain, would you dance so soon?
But love who pays the fiddler's coin
Must call the tune.

Not when you would, O soul,
Not, O flesh, when you will,
But when love nods and the wild drums roll
And the fiddles shrill.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

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Westernization in the Balkans

TWENTY miles north of Athens, on a broad plain stretching from the mountains to the sea, the grass is cropped close by many flocks of sheep; millions of red and purple anemones as large as poppies spring up in February and March. Here, more than twenty-four hundred years ago, the Athenians drove back the Persian hosts of Xerxes, winning such self-confidence that the golden age of Pericles and Phidias became immediately possible. Today tourists to Greece still regard their trip as incomplete without a visit to the plain of Marathon. Up to a few years ago they made the trip on horse-back or walked. Now they speed over the dusty road in large touring cars, or buy seats in a huge automobile bus that courses daily over the country of Demosthenes and Plato, carrying baskets, milk cans and villagers between Athens and the little town of Marathon. This bus was manufactured —or, rather, assembled—in Detroit, Michigan. For seventeen years its owner and driver ran a pool room and restaurant in Cheyenne, Wyoming. He and it are unconscious parts of that process of Westernization that is sweeping over Greece and the rest of the Near and Middle East.

This process is making nations over in the image of Western countries. It is changing the ways of commerce, setting people forth in new dress, putting new words on their lips altering constitutions, writing new laws, vivifying science, composing a new poetry and singing new songs. It is touching education and affecting the intellectual life of many people. Politicians react to it and base statecraft upon it. It is altering the technique of war, and if Greece and Turkey had come to blows instead of having their difficulties settled at Lausanne a few weeks ago, both would have placed their dependence upon Western field artillery, Western airplanes, Western poisonous gases—and Western surgery to save the wounded.

The superficial manifestations of this process are numerous. Oil is sold in Greece under a New Jersey charter, but one is hardly prepared for the multitudinous uses to which the five-gallon tin in which this oil is distributed is put. I have seen the housewife carry water in it, the worker in a vineyard quench his thirst from it, the automobilist fill his tank from it, the plasterer mix his mortar from water in it, the grocer display his olives in it, the cook throw her garbage in it and the laundress carry fresh clothes to the line in it. It is displacing the small-necked earthenware jar that has been characteristic of this ancient land. Fitted with a neat wooden handle, it makes an excellent receptacle; it is the national pail of Greece. Flattened, the tin of this can makes good patching material. Knock the bottoms out and place the tins end to end and you have a serviceable stove-pipe.

Greeks whiz past you on motorcycles made abroad. The most widely advertised object on the walls and fences around Athens is the Ford automobile. Greek cobblers cooped up in little balconies above their shops mend shoes on Singer sewing machines; Greek stenographers click away on foreign-made typewriters. Windmills bearing the name of a Chicago firm rise from the landscape. Western toilet articles abound; beards give way as readily here as elsewhere to the Gillette safety razor, and the number of Greeks who brush their teeth every morning with Pebeco is increasing. The fame of Boston seems to spring largely, except for those returned emigrants who have run candy stores there, from the unique talent of that city to sustain the world's socks without irritating metallic contact.

Western capital intrudes. The workingman around Athens rides to and from his work on street cars built by a Belgian corporation; if he saves money he puts it in a bank founded with Western funds. Newspapers are printed on Western presses and read by electric lights installed by Western firms. Wheat is being harvested in Thessaly more and more by the aid of the International Harvester Company. Even the marble on Mt. Pentelicon is quarried today by an English company.

The process of Westernization goes deeper. It is changing age-old habits and customs. When the Greek housewife buys her calico and towelling, she will presently order them by the metre instead of by the pichis; she will suspect her grocer of short-weighting her in kilograms instead of okes. The Ministry of National Economy has recommended the adoption of the metric system, long used by Greece's Western neighbors in Europe. Again, when Greek parents write to their children in the United States, the dates on their letters will correspond to those familiar to the children, for the Julian calendar was replaced by the Gregorian on March 1st of this year and Greece lost thirteen days of immortal time that she will never recover.

Human relationships are being affected by the change. When the Greek sponge-diver, encased against sharks and other dangers of the deep, goes down into the water, he knows that he is protected against many of the abuses to which he was formerly subject. He is not compelled to stay under water too long, he is not forced to descend too low, he is not required to work for months without a holiday; if he is injured, a doctor is at hand.

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These protections are modelled on American protective labor legislation; similar benefits have been extended to seamen, miners, railway workers, factory employees and other wage-earners. The member of Parliament who has drafted most of these laws points with gusto to a volume on his shelves —the annual report of the United States Secretary of Labor for 1907! From this he has extracted much inspiration.

Greek women are reaching out for a fuller life. They have long been admitted to all branches of education and may practise any profession but law. Now they are sitting beside men in banks and other commercial places, ringing up your change in restaurants (it is a poor restaurant in a Greek city that has not a cash register), selling stamps in post-offices, playing in orchestras and doing other things that show enterprise. I rode daily into Athens for weeks with a woman street car conductor who tooted her brass bugle and swung the trolley rope with as much savoir faire as a man.

Greek men have been away at war for more than ten years and women have been quietly slipping into their jobs at home. Now that peace has come to Greece, the men will return and demand their jobs back. This is the moment for which leaders of the Greek feminist movement have been waiting. They expect that the rivalry for work between men and women that will spring up will give the women's movement a new spurt in self-consciousness, will make women see to what degree Greece, even more than some other places, is a man's world. The League of Greek Women for Women's Rights has a definite program: it not only petitions Parliament regularly for suffrage but it is championing other changes in women's status. Two of the goals of this organization, I was informed by its energetic president, are "equal pay for equal work" and "a single standard of morals for men and women."

Progressive schoolmen in Greece are feeling the impulse of an educational renaissance. They are drawing their inspiration from those newer currents, loosed in the United States and other Western countries, that are sweeping away from the class-room much devotion to uniformity and mass instruction and are replacing these with attention to the child's individual abilities and to his development in an atmosphere of free initiative. Even the junta of colonels and admirals who rule Greece at present under the title of "The Revolution" are talking about "more and better schools." I have had a personal taste of this renaissance by having my own young boy in a strictly Greek school where the methods were similar to those of a Montessori kindergarten at home.

In other ways Westernization is stirring the minds of people. Literature, university lectures, written works of all sorts are discarding the attempt to preserve a classical form for language, and are embracing modern spoken Greek as the most useful and flexible instrument for expressing ideas brought by contact with Western nations. A group of musical composers has broken away from the practice of hugging past forms and, in conscious imitation of Western countries, is going to the hut of the worker and folk-song of the peasant for its inspiration. Even in sports Greece is Westernizing herself; a new huge athletic field is about to be opened in which there will be, besides tennis courts and basket-ball grounds, a gridiron and a diamond!

The changes in politics are vast. Perhaps the most profound is the introduction of the idea of nationality, a Western conception. It is natural with us to think of a group of people who are compact and homogeneous, who speak one language and adhere largely to one religion, as occupying a definite plot of land or territory; such a group, with us, is a nation. This is an exotic and alien idea in the Near and Middle East. Here, historically, languages and peoples have not been laid out in checker-board squares. They have overlapped, intermingled, thronged the same cities and flooded the same countrysides. A race or people has been more likely to form a class or profession in a country than to occupy definite territory; thus, Greeks and Armenians have been merchants, Greeks seamen, Bulgars and Turks peasants, Vlachs shepherds, and so forth. Now, however, all this is changing. The Western notion of nationality has been dropped like a solvent into this mixture of folks and there has been a scampering and coalescing of like elements. Everyone is familiar with the vast national ambitions that were stirred among these peoples by the Great War. The process had been going on long before that, of course, but its recent manifestations have been widespread and culminating. It is the underlying cause of the recent flow of three-quarters of a million refugees onto Greek soil; it explains the gigantic and in many ways cruel "exchange of populations" just approved at Lausanne. The Near East is now almost ready to don the robes of Western nationalism; it almost meets the requirements of definite territories in which are ethnical, linguistic, religious and sentimental unity.

It would be easy, of course, to exaggerate the universality of changes due to Westernization. Neither Greece nor any other country in the Near East is yet a miniature replica of the United States or Great Britain. Enough has been said, however, to show that the process is deep and unsettling.

How far will it go and how sweeping will be its changes? That it has its dangers no thoughtful native denies. The indigenous civilizations of Near Eastern countries are very different from

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those of Western. Will Greeks and their Balkan neighbors take what they can best use of our institutions and habits, or will they allow themselves to be flooded by a torrent that they do little either to stem or to direct? Will the process be selective or all-engulfing? There is evidence that the flood is at high crest and that no dams or sidewalls are being built. Westernization may bring with it a huge, exploiting industrialization; if so, the result will not be what many Greeks expect or want.

It is important for Greece whether the shepherd on her hillsides, white-cloaked, silhouetted against the perfect blue of her skies, carrying on an ancient occupation still vital to her, learns from Westernization the best methods of sheep-breeding, or whether he enters the mines of Laurium or the cigarette factories of Athens; in a country where the West Virginia backwoodsman has become a coal-digger overnight the question will not seem far-fetched. Again, wherever Westernization has gone far, capitalization and production on a large scale have come with it. If the small merchant and manufacturer are to be replaced by the big factory and the chain store, Greece and her neighbors are in for a new type of life the full ramifications of which they may not have adequately weighed.

Culturally, there are dangers, too. Are native folksongs, stories and amusements to be replaced by a Saturday Evening Post in the vernacular? Is the professional entertainer to cause the loss of local festivals, entertainments and other modes of self-expression? I have myself seen Greek boys filling a movie theater hold their sides at the antics of Charlie Chaplin making old ladies at a Colorado health resort drunk. Such questions are disturbing. In schools, in the church, in politics, there has already been a loss of some of that local autonomy that gave people an interest in what went on around them and was a large element in contentment; Westernization has meant centralization. An observer is bound to wonder whether advertising, now disfiguring the face of Greece, is appealing to real needs or is creating wants for the simple reason that similar wants already exist in Chicago and along the Mississippi. The growth of nationalism, too, is augmenting jealousies and hatreds between peoples.

These are considerations mainly for the Near East peoples themselves to take into account. As for us Western nations, ought we not to become fully conscious of what is going on? These countries are making themselves over in our images. Some day they will say to us: "We are now very much like you and we demand a place in the society of Western nations." Unless we have prepared for this event, unless we have achieved a proper mental attitude and framed policies that look forward to that day, we shall be caught napping. We shall be faced with the necessity of saying something and shall not know what to say. Again, it is we who have set in motion the forces that are affecting these people. Can we escape the obligations that go with such influence? Our relations with them have malign as well as beneficent aspects. We rush in with our economic objects and barter the territory of one for financial gain from another; history is full of the exploitation of Balkan countries by Western nations. If, despite all this, we are nevertheless to them giants worth imitating, ought we not at least to be giants with consciences?

WINTHROP D. LANE.

Colyumism

THE colyum is rapidly becoming the pillar of American literature. We still get our farces from France and our dramas from Germany, our librettos from Italy, our novels from England, and our poetry from the telephone book, but our colyums are our own. Highly colored they may be, as they sparkle wantonly down the daily paper among the editorials, but the colors are chiefly red, white and blue.

Here is no apology for this vagary of the American pen. Vertical literature is not necessarily less valid than horizontal. But sometimes one wonders, just the same, why Americans support the colyum and exactly what the American colyum supports. Beyond the lurching of the subway train and the attendant difficulty of turning pages, beyond the desire of the as yet un-tired business man to find the same thing in the same place in the same paper, what is there in the American species that has aroused the colyumist to erect his colyum? Why colyumism?

Primarily, of course, and obviously, because the colyum is of the moment. It comments on the news while it is still new. It says all the bright things about the Snooks murder or the Ku Klux investigation that the average breakfaster likes to think he thought for himself. It can be read to the wife over the coffee cups or quoted across the tea table. It takes the place of a clever friend with the additional advantage of coming from one's own mouth, if only one seize on the paper first. It is a vicarious reaction, handed by the maid along with his mail to the man who might otherwise have no reactions whatever of his own. It rivals

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the dramatic critic in getting down first night impressions, it flickers on the stolen silver before there is a sign of tarnish, it plays about the corpse before his blood is cold, it fondles the latest book while its ink is still damp, it even reaches the cabaret before the prohibition agents comes to make the raid.

And yet the colyum is not always brisking about the streets. It may browse. It stretches itself lazily with a pert parody of Horace. It rambles through the diaries of its youth and weaves variations about the antics of its offspring. It exploits personality quite as much as promptitude. In the dog-days several numbers go by without apparent effort from the colyumist himself: inches of alien doggerel interrupt his musings, feet, even yards of heated correspondence between his readers free him from harnessing his own muse—and still the colyum keeps his own personal ear-mark. Just as many familiar quotations reek of the good Bartlett, so his particular choice of contributions betrays the colyumist. In his particular niche he is always to be found. With the right paper in hand one can be sure of his presence. His line pervades his colyum, and that line is never busy.

But personality is not confined to colyumism, nor yet to America. Every writer has or wants it, every nation cries for it and pays for it. Paris newspapers turn over several columns to a feature writer every week. Italian editors revel in individual style. One suspects that the peculiar quality about our own national brand is less how marked the features of the colyumist than how many he is willing to show. It is the intimacy of detail, the naked bits of autobiography that establish the colyum of America.

These privacies take on a national importance as soon as they leave the composing room. The Pacific coast knows what the colyumist likes for breakfast, almost before he has ordered his supper; his secret sins are syndicated from Texas to Maine. Everything the New York colyumist does becomes his copy. He eats at one restaurant and notes down the menu in a rondeau; he plays poker or pool and adds up his winnings in his colyum—in double entry if he is hard put to it. He meets a girl on the street and quotes what he says to her, and if she is very bright what she says to him. The capital for his colyum is the order of every waking minute of his day, as well as what he has dreamed the night before—if it was fit for print.

Not content with his own personality, the colyumist sells his friends. He tells where he has seen them, so that his readers may go there and see them too. He comments on his colleagues in the same paper, he saves stamps by answering invitations and wishing people many happy returns of the day. The result is the popularity of his colyum. He has united several hundred thousand readers into one happy family. They all know what the colyumist and his friends have been eating and reading and winning and losing and thinking and dreaming. He confides to them when his mind is empty, and they send him little verbal presents of their own. They reach across a few city blocks, or counties, or continental water-sheds and argue about their alma mater. The colyumist is everyone's best friend, for he has builded his colyum with a free masonry that everyone can understand.

Perhaps it is this unashamed public confidence that stamps the colyum as a national trait. The Englishman raises hedges or sinks moats or plants parks to insure his privacy. The Latin retires cosily to his inner court. In private life he whispers his indiscretions both before and after he has joined the ladies, but they are always whispered, and his success is measured by his ability to convince his listener that they are whispered for the first time. The German masks his private virtues as racial and Teutonic and his private vices as imported from across the Rhine. He cloaks his individuality in a uniform.

Why America should crave intimacy even in the daily paper is harder to say. A dozen reasons sound both plausible and possible. We are young in our national life, and naive and talkative. We lack geographical concentration and therefore want to be clubby. We are so democratic that we elect a Republican President after a Front Porch campaign. Reserve and dignity we are a bit afraid of as pertaining to European diplomacy and imperialistic intrigue. We want all our cards on the table, and if they happen to be visiting cards—so much the better. Our very national life depends on the fusion of a hundred different races. We hunger for common understanding, and realizing how a touch of detail makes the whole world kin, rush forth to broadcast what our baby weighs and how many bananas we can eat for lunch.

All these facts help to raise the colyum. The question remains what is the colyum going to raise? If it is to be the pillar of American literature what will it eventually support? At times it looks as if its greatest contribution, the bringing together of writer and public, were itself a menace. The enthusiastic reader goes through his colyum, finds himself in the holy of holies and is at once less critical of what he sees for himself. In other words the colyum acts as an artificial stimulus to the literature and art of the day. The colyumist need rarely defend his tastes; it is enough for his readers for him to declare them. He leads a personally conducted tour, and after the tourist has paid his two or three cents admission he has no further control. The colyumist causes those books

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to be bought that he happens to like and acts as free press agent for those plays which please him. If the obvious danger of such arbitrary advantage is that it is short-lived, if the colyumist recommends too many unpopular books and plays, and eventually loses his job, he has nevertheless acted for some time to interfere with the process of natural selection.

It is almost impossible for him to be representative. The New York colyumists among themselves form a fairly close corporation. Their common stock is distributed throughout the country, but only a few dozen hold the preferred. There are playwrights and poets and novelists, and even actors and critics in the circle. Débutantes and dowagers hang in the offing all ready to lionize the victims. Chiefly are the colyumists popular for their charm, their wit, their brisk novelty. But a sinister hint of their power as advertising agents hangs about their attractiveness. It is fun for the young writer to know them, but it is also good policy. Conversely, it is the very intimacy with the writer that adds color to the colyumist's copy. He talks of Jim, who has just turned out the great American novel, and what kind of cigarette he uses, and the readers flock to read.

Meanwhile he is fostering the literature of ingrowing intimacy by his very existence. People are writing columns about colyums. A vaudeville show based on the private lives of the colyumists and put together for their private amusement, was recently revamped for the professional stage. Colyumistic methods have sifted into advertising, and progressive publishers chat over their latest wares in signed articles that are but one short remove from the colyum both in spirit and form. There is only a little less truth and more poetry.

Where will it all lead? Where will the colyum stop and the lid go on? A popular playwright begins to write his play when his company has gathered for rehearsal, and finishes it the night that it closes. Will the literature of tomorrow be developed entirely in the course of conversation? Already we have actors who improvise dialogue with the more sprightly members of their audiences. Will the readers of tomorrow tell the novelist how to work out hs plot, and write him how they would have acted under similar circumstances? Will future Becky Sharps and Jane Eyres send him tales from their own pasts to fill out his chapters before he writes Finis?

MARY ELLIS OPDYCKE.

Italian Notes

V.

THE CULTURED COLONIAL.

ON the terrace beneath my window a group of English people, more or less modern and interesting, concerned with the future as well as the past, have been discussing an American gentleman staying here in the hotel. They keep speaking of him as the American and the whole tone of their comments implies that he is an extraordinary and most amusing phenomenon indeed. What astonishes them first of all, it seems, is his seriousness, his way of darkening the conversation to sublimity and to the problematic and sociological. His culture too amazes and diverts them. The way in which he hands out quotations from Matthew Arnold and Herbert Spencer and even Ruskin, has sent them into quiet but irrevocable mirth. All this, and something in his manner toward them, no doubt, which they do not speak of, something very deferential not to say reverent of English superiority and polish, has amused them and has inclined them to an easy and ripe and clement indulgence toward this American gentleman. Nobody feels very harshly about him, everyone is rather astonished, relaxed and superior. And all his qualities they seem to have accepted as American. Everything they say implies that the subject of their tea table is a typical inhabitant of the country from which he has so earnestly separated himself for improvement.

I too know this American gentleman; we have had numerous talks; and I can understand what it is that these people feel. He is a serious, middle-sized man of forty, with a thoughtful, deep forehead and heavy, nervous hands. He comes from somewhere in Connecticut; and in his jerky, precise utterance and his strange effect of appearing to pause for the right word—which when it comes is merely a flat one—he has told me that his father was a minister and a professor in a theological seminary and that he himself was graduated from Harvard and then took a degree at some German university; afterward practising the law in his native city. But he had attempted, he said, to continue his other interests as well, and considered it necessary to possess a broad field of associations. He belonged to a number of literary and philosophic societies and committees. He made it a point to devote a certain amount of every day, so far as possible, to worthwhile reading and to hear not so much as he should perhaps but at least a certain amount of good music, as he called it; he was also interested in the theatre and regarded it as an important instrument in the social welfare, and he was inclined to watch the development of religion as a practical force.

More than once at the end of a little chat he had said that we must get the conversation down to a more vital point, there were several subjects he should like to discuss with me. It was true also that he quoted from Emerson, from Huxley, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, and not always, I think, the subtlest of their remarks. And furthermore, with that strange isolation in culture that comes from seeing it as a private duty rather than as a social diversion and nourishment and delight, he had even told

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me such unexpected pieces of information as that Keats wrote Endymion and who Fabius the Delayer was, and once after mentioning Aida, he added, "Verdi, you know."

This gentleman's attitude toward the party of English people I knew something about too. He found them, he said, very reserved at first. They seemed to wish to exclude him and to be satisfied completely with themselves and with whatever was English. But when once you got to know them and they took you in, they were very delightful indeed, so polished and easy, such fine conversationalists. Ah, the old world had much to give us, he said. At first he had thought them somewhat flippant in their viewpoint, or rather point of view. But one saw that under the banter and the airy give-and-take they had serious interests. They were a great people the English!

"I said to him," one of the English gentlemen was saying on the terrace, "the other morning when we chanced to come on the subject of poetry, that we had been jolly cool about our opinion of the poetry of other countries. You know what I mean, I said perhaps French poetry is quite as good as our own, you know. English poetry, I meant to say, may not be so jolly supreme as we have thought it. 'And yet,' he said, in the quivering voice of elegy, 'surely England's poetry is one of her greatest glories, is it not?'"

A cup clinked on a saucer. "It's incredible, oh priceless!"

"I assure it's true, every word."

A lady's voice like a choking rubber tube came in:

"I can well believe it. Gravely and solemnly he asked me what I thought of Matthew Arnold's definition of literature."

"My dear, what is Matthew Arnold's definition of literature?" asked another lady's voice, this time like a lovely flute.

"My dear, how should I know; what was St. Paul's opinion of the cinema?"

"He's rather a nice little chap really, you know," the first gentleman began again, "not half a bad sort." He began to say "wal" and to drawl through his nose, neither of which the Connecticut gentleman did. "Wal, I should be interested to know what place the Greeks might have found for the cinema—"

"No, the moving picture—"

"The moving picture in their educational scheme."

They laughed.

"One is accustomed to the society of people who are not imbeciles and to ideas perhaps, naturally. But not to having the profundities balanced at one's head like that. I met the president of some American organization once, in England, studying some condition or other. One took one's hat off. No sooner was one's head visible than she engaged it. 'What is your opinion, Mr. So and So, on universal suffrage?' and onward and upward."

"My God!" said the flute voice.

The truth is, both sides of this occasion have jumped too fast.

The American trails with him as a hang-over from his ancestral Colonial days a feeling of the mother country and her vast superiority over such a ward of hers as the American states. And so, working on this idea that he has of English superiority, he—and very naturally—assumes that whatever these English do is intentional. They have, he assumes, a complete command of themselves. They have a reason for their actions and their attitudes. If their manner was cool toward him at first and they made it none too soft for him in general, he gathers that they were still waiting till it was clear that he was worthy to be admitted to their midst or was such a person as they might spend their time upon. If they seemed ungracious sometimes even yet, he was certain that it was something in him or in what he said or did that might seem to them crude or intrusive. If they were abrupt and tactless, it must be that he has offended them; that thus, though quietly, they rebuked him. Certainly he meant to give them his best and to do nothing that might make his country ashamed of him in English eyes.

In all this, however, as a matter of fact, he was pretty far off the point. If these English held him off at first it was not always because they intended to do so particularly. It was not only a noble reserve but partly because they are an island race, oftentimes not easy themselves, and shy or awkward or inflexible and proud all at once. If they do not seem to talk so easily as these Italians, or the French, it does not mean that they think more or are any more profound than these races, but that as animals they are quieter and have less animation and quick spirits. And if they are less gracious than the Italians or the French, more abrupt and summary, it is not always that they are superior or feel themselves superior; but rather because they have less grace, they have less external responsiveness, and a less universal habit of good breeding. They are not easily a social race at all. And so far as abruptness goes, the English often treat one another, and without its being noticed apparently, in a manner that would offend any other race. In Paris, Whistler said, you are taught which end of the brush to put in your mouth; in England it is a question of taste. And so with politeness; as with many matters, the English decide for themselves, and are often as rude as at other times they are beautifully considerate.

As for their esteem and all his concern over what they think of him, the American needs to know that the English, it must be said to their credit, prefer in the end that a man stand on his own feet. All this anxiety to win their approval, to do things as they do, to think and act in the approved English method, puts the American in a middle-class, colonial position and almost forces the English into one of condescension and easy judgment. To this proper person from Connecticut they would prefer really a Western ranchman who took his own way. And it is precisely this brand of earnest and aspiring visitors, like the gentleman from Connecticut, who have done more than anything else in the past to give the English their notion of America's relation to England and, when they think of it at all, of American culture.

This party of English on the terrace as well as the American, are also off the track. They smile at this gentleman but they are wrong to assume that this reverence for the mother country is in the average American. Nor this conviction of English superiority. Nor this desire to please and to be admitted into their approbation. Popped down in their midst almost any ordinary American might feel damped and anxious and uncertain of his ways; there is enough frontier and new country left in him for that. Some of the Atlantic Seaboard no doubt might tremble before the correct English thing, and some society and sporting club people. But not the average American.

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That would indeed make it easy for the English. And as for American culture, when they assume that this gentleman's seriousness and his belated quotations from Ruskin, Emerson, Matthew Arnold, are characteristic of the average in America, they are miles off the point. The average American, quite as much as this English tea party, cares nothing for Matthew Arnold or Ruskin; whether it is because their ideas and their Victorianism no longer interest him or because he is not interested in any ideas would make another discussion.

STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

How to Get Light Wines and Beer

SIR: There is much confusion in the minds of the people concerning the legal method for securing light wines and beer under the Eighteenth Amendment. Three methods have been suggested: The first is to amend the National Prohibition Act so as to permit the manufacture and sale of such beverages. This method is in direct contravention of the Constitution. Beer and wine have always been considered intoxicating liquors. The courts have taken judicial notice of this fact. One court in Wisconsin said that any person who does not know that beer is intoxicating is a driveling idiot. The Supreme Court of the state affirmed this opinion. There is no more doubt that beer and wine are intoxicating liquors than that water is wet. The Constitution of the United States prohibits the manufacture and sale and transportation of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes. It is manifest, therefore, to anyone who will consider this proposition that the legalization of any kind of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes is prohibited by the Constitution. The Supreme Court has clearly stated that the Eighteenth Amendment

> Binds all legislative bodies . . . and of its own force invalidates every legislative act . . . which authorizes or sanctions what the section prohibits.

It also says that the second section of the Amendment

> Does not enable Congress or the several states to defeat or thwart the prohibition but only to enforce it by appropriate means.

The second plan proposed is championed by the Association against the Prohibition Amendment. Section 2 of the Eighteenth Amendment provides that the states and the Congress shall have concurrent or equal power to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment by appropriate legislation. In its literature the Association states that its purpose is to repeal the National Prohibition Act and permit the sale of beer and wine under such regulations and rules as the states may provide. This plan is impracticable and indefensible in law.

Recently in New York the Association against the Prohibition Amendment went even further and supported a measure which repealed all state legislation for the control of the liquor traffic. This is not the exercise of the concurrent power to enforce but the exercise of legislative power by the state to defeat or thwart the Constitution as far as it is possible for the state to accomplish it.

The purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment—accepted by ratification—was prohibition. It is puerile to suggest that this purpose can be better effected by the activity of relatively few Federal agents acting alone or with state officers acting solely through the Federal courts, than is possible through the combined efforts of the Federal officers and courts acting in conjunction with the thousands of peace officers of the state functioning through the judicial machinery of the state under the positive provisions of state law.

Constitutional provisions of this character are not self-executing. They require legislation to make them effective. To repeal the legislation to enforce the amendment is an attempt to thwart the constitutional purpose. Such a policy carried to its logical conclusion would destroy constitutional government.

The second section of the Amendment placed upon both the states and the Federal government not only the authority but the obligation to enact legislation which is enforcable. Mr. Chief Justice White in his opinion sustaining the Eighteenth Amendment well said:

> It cast upon Congress the duty . . . of defining the intoxicating beverage which it prohibited.

It is clear both from the legal standpoint and from a common sense viewpoint that when the people of the United States adopted the Eighteenth Amendment they intended to have this new policy of the government enforced. To quote the Supreme Court of the United States in the recent case of Grogan vs. Walker:

> It is obvious that those whose wishes and opinions were embodied in the Amendment meant to stop the whole business.

It is clear, therefore, that Congress had placed upon it the obligation to enact appropriate legislation to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. The court of last resort in this country sustained the National Prohibition Act as appropriate legislation. The only question which Congress had to face was, from the practical standpoint, what kind of enforcement code should be adopted. At the time that the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect there were thirty-three states which had already adopted prohibition. In thirty of these states the one-half of one per cent or a stronger standard in defining intoxicating liquor had been adopted. Two states had adopted a one per cent standard. One state had a mixed standard. No state had adopted a more liberal standard and retained it. To prevent bootleggers from engaging in undue competition with retail liquor dealers, the one-half of one percent was adopted and maintained for over two decades at the request of the liquor dealers themselves. This standard for necessary enforcement legislation was based upon ex-

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perience. Congress could not legalize the sale of liquors with a higher alcoholic content than was permitted by the states. It would have been unwise and unfair for Congress to ignore the uniform experience of the states, and adopt a standard which only the interested liquor dealers and the majority sentiment in only a very few states demanded.

The issue with reference to beer and wines, or the increasing of the alcoholic content, resolves itself into the question as to whether or not the proposed legislation would break down enforcement and defeat the purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment. Experience shows that the higher the alcoholic content the more difficult it is to enforce the law.

Massachusetts had a three percent or malt liquor exemption for beer in 1870 in her laws relating to the prohibition of liquor. Two thousand five hundred and eighty-four saloonkeepers secured licenses to sell such liquor. All but seventeen of them, according to the police records, violated the law during the year in the sale of stronger beverages. The drinker who wants high-powered liquors finds it easy to secure them in a place where beer and wine are sold.

In a ringing appeal to the American Legion Convention recently held in New Orleans, Governor Wallace R. Farrington said:

> Hawaii has had an experience with this same light wine and beer movement. . . . We were told that light wine and beer were non-injurious beverages and if the people were allowed to get this light liquor they would avoid the poisonous stuff sold in the country and also the illicit sale of hard liquor would be reduced.
>
> The desired legislation was passed. . . . These dispensaries of so-called non-injurious liquors did not fulfill one single promise of those who were responsible for the trial. . . .
>
> Drunkenness increased and the light wine and beer panacea instead of being the solution of the problem and the promoter of real temperance very rapidly became a universally recognized nuisance. It carried with it all the difficulties of high license and enjoyed the unsavory reputation of being the centre of vice and oftentimes community disorder.
>
> Having observed the experience of Hawaii in this matter, it seems to me this should prove a splendid example and prevent . . . falling into line with the so-called panacea which has . . . proved that as a cure it is worse than the disease.

The third method proposed is the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Everyone must admit that this is a perfectly legitimate procedure for those opposed to national prohibition. Every citizen has a right to register his convictions by the legal and orderly processes of government in making changes in the Constitution. The only unchangeable charter of our liberties is the Declaration of Independence, which guarantees to the people the right to change their form of government whenever it is subversive of the welfare of the people or destroys their happiness and safety.

Article V of the Constitution provides that whenever two-thirds of both branches of Congress submit a change in the Constitution and it is ratified by both branches of the legislatures of three-fourths of the states, that change becomes part of the Constitution itself. In other words it takes seventy-two state legislative bodies and two federal legislative bodies to adopt an amendment to the Constitution.

The Eighteenth Amendment was adopted and ratified by ninety-two state legislative bodies and two federal legislative bodies. If the liquor interests could not muster a majority in one branch of the legislature in thirteen states, it is not likely that they will be able to secure the endorsement of the necessary seventy-two legislative bodies in thirty-six states to repeal it.

Whether the Eighteenth Amendment can be repealed is not the issue before the American people. As long as national prohibition is a part of the Constitution of the United States it is the duty of every law-abiding citizen to obey it and to sustain legislative and executive officers who do their duty in its enforcement. Whenever the public sentiment of the nation so changes that this policy of government is considered a failure, the people have no pride of opinion which will unduly influence them in maintaining a part of the Constitution which does not accomplish its purpose. The friends of the Eighteenth Amendment are ready to meet the issue in the election of Congressmen and United States Senators.

The best way to build and maintain a strong nation is to inculcate in the minds of the people that they can secure good laws or bad laws by the orderly processes of government. It is also equally important to make clear that defiance of the law or nullification of the Constitution or the enactment of non-enforceable legislation to make the Constitution inoperative is unworthy of the high ideals which our forefathers handed down to us when they laid the foundations of the greatest nation in the world.

WAYNE B. WHEELER.

A Word to the Wise

Is anything to be so eschewed
As the sickly taste of gratitude?
Elderly tears are easily wrung;
Whenever you give, give to the young,
Whose thanks are not in what they say
But in what they take and go their way.
Give regardless, for better or worse,
Give what you want to give, favor or curse,
Hand or heart, body or mind,
Give it and never look behind,
Give it and never look ahead,
Lest you be salty, lest you be dead . . .
Because the grateful, the aging, the old,
Pay you well with a casket of gold;
But the boys and the girls, though they never pay,
Give you, always, one more day.

WITTER BYNNER.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Political Prisoners' Reply

SIR: I think your readers may be interested in the enclosed document explaining why eleven of the political prisoners at Leavenworth refused to accept the conditional pardon offered by President Harding. H. F. KANE.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

[Enclosure]

To the Members of the Industrial Workers of the World:

On June 25th twenty-six members of the I. W. W., imprisoned at the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, were summoned before the warden and offered release upon certain conditions. Eleven of the men refused.

The conditions attached to the presidential pardon offered to these men were as follows:

> Now, therefore, be it known that I, Warren G. Harding, President of the United States of America, in consideration of the premises divers other good and sufficient reasons me thereunto moving do hereby commute the sentence of———— to the term already served, upon the condition that he be law-abiding and loyal to the government of the United States and does not encourage, advocate or become wilfully connected with lawlessness in any form and upon the further condition that, if he violates any of the foregoing conditions, of which the President shall be the sole judge, he, the President, may revoke the commutation, and it shall thereupon become null and void and of no effect, and he may, by direction to any officer of the penitentiary where the prisoner now is confined, or to any United States marshal, or deputy marshal, cause the said——— to be apprehended and returned to the penitentiary, there to complete the service of his sentence.

Having been associated with these fellow workers in their refusal to accept the conditional commutation of sentence proffered them, and my five-year sentence having expired July 22, 1923, I have been asked by the ten other prisoners involved in this refusal to give to you the reasons why we rejected the President's offer.

(1) We regarded the pledge to be "law-abiding" as a confession of guilt upon our part and a reflection upon the organization of which we are proud to be members. To admit that we were guilty would hamper the I. W. W. in its task of organizing the workers and would make it easier in the future to convict other members unjustly, as we were convicted. We were not guilty in 1917 and we are not guilty now. We stand or fall by the declaration.

(2) We were asked to pledge loyalty to the government of the United States. We have never been disloyal to the vital interests of the workers and producers of this country, who constitute the great mass of its population. It was precisely because we had been loyal to their interests that we went to prison. We owe no allegiance to the great industrial combinations which are now strangling the life out of the American people, and we will render them no allegiance.

(3) We were required to promise that we would not "encourage, advocate or become wilfully connected with lawlessness in any form." Who would decide what constitutes lawlessness? The President. Who would bring such charges before him? The Department of Justice.

Let us glance at a recent example of what constitutes lawlessness in the eyes of the government:

A recent injunction issued by Superior Court Judge Buick of California makes mere membership in the I. W. W. contempt of court, punishable by six months' imprisonment, without any further legal proceedings. Any Superior Court of the state may thus send members of the I. W. W. to jail for six months without a jury trial. We consider that any member of the I. W. W. who accepted the third provision of the conditions of release virtually would debar himself from I. W. W. activity, and even from membership, in California.

(4) It was quite in keeping with the conditions offered us that their enforcement was left to the President. After having been given the option of acknowledging guilt for crimes we never committed; of agreeing to be subservient to the masters of industry in the future and promising to cease efforts for organization of the workers, to cease agitation to better their material conditions and for the right to withdraw their labor power as a protest against wage slavery, we were asked to acquiesce in the condition that the President should be "the sole judge" of our future working-class activities. Grossly partial as is the administration of the laws of the nation, swinging the scales of justice against the workers whenever their interests clash with those of their employers, we refused to entrust our destinies to any individual, no matter how high in position he happens to be placed.

In short, the condition of release offered us constituted a special form of parole, with the President taking the place of the Parole Board. The I. W. W. prisoners had steadfastly refused to make application for parole or individual clemency, both of which they regarded as degrading and amounting to a confession of guilt.

We reaffirm our attitude as given in the following paragraph, which is equally applicable to our action of June 25th in refusing commutation:

> We were not convicted as individuals, but as a group. We were convicted of a "conspiracy" of which we were all equally innocent or all equally guilty. We believe that it would be a base act for us to sign individual applications and leave the Attorney General's office to select which of our number should remain in prison and which should go free.

We reaffirm our stand: "Liberty is sweet to any man in prison, but not sweet enough to be purchased at the price of principle. . . We cannot do otherwise than refuse to recant."

Two Views

SIR: Bruce Bliven's articles on Harding and Coolidge in the August 15th issue of The New Republic, in my humble opinion are quite unworthy of your fine magazine.

I consider them both silly and unfair. Unfair, because the writer has grasped only certain negative traits of both men and shown them up with a certain superficial cleverness that may pass with some people who do not know the facts, without showing any grasp of whatever of the stronger positive qualities and mental traits which have lifted these two men above their fellow-men in office. Silly, because the writer should not have attempted any such analysis of men of this type having himself only a senior high-school mental grade.

Is it not time to stop such write-ups of presidents, accentuating so much the personal side, based on so slight a study of their public words and acts? (Mrs.) E. A. TALBOT.

New York City.

SIR: The issue of August 15th has made me abhor The New Republic. Bruce Bliven's two articles I consider most ill-advised at such a time as this and most unworthy of high standards. There are some few undying principles of human life which shall hold fast forever. Therefore I cannot stand by and even seemingly, by silence, condone the shadow of a breach of loyalty to the dead, nor to the highest officer of the U. S. A. Kindly discontinue my subscription with this issue.

(MRS.) M. MACLEAN SCHULTZ.

Bridgton, Maine.

SIR: I want to tell you how much I admired the articles on Harding and Coolidge in The New Republic of August 15th. After wading through columns of hypocritical mush (even the labor papers tried desperately to make Harding out some sort of hero) your sane estimate of both men was the most welcome sort of relief. C. McA.

Springfield, Illinois.

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SIR: Have just read Bruce Bliven's estimate of Harding and Coolidge. I think it is the shrewdest and cleverest thing that I have read in The New Republic since I have been a steady reader. CHARLES JOHNSON POST.

New York City.

SIR: Your delineation of Harding is a finely sincere, robust analysis—a great relief from the prevalent maxim that the dead must be lied about. F.

Boston, Massachusetts.

The 'Sconset School Prospectus

SIR: Readers of The New Republic may be interested in knowing that the 'Sconset School of Opinion will meet again this year, Sept. 1st-15th. The subject for 1923 is "Civilization, or Man and Man's World." The purpose is to discuss man rather than institutions, like the church and the state. The list of speakers contains many scientists, including Harlow Shapley, Director of the Harvard Observatory; E. G. Spaulding of Princeton; Otto Glaser of Amherst; Irwin Edmon and Carl Van Doren, Columbia; Everett Dean Martin, Director of the People's Institute; H. W. L. Dana, Joseph K. Hart and Horace M. Kallen of the New School for Social Research; Robert Benchley, dramatic editor of "Life;" Dr. L. Pierce Clarke; Emil Davies of London, England; James G. MacDonald, Director of Foreign Policy Association; James Harvey Robinson and Gutzon Borglum.

The emphasis will be on the new psychology and the recent discoveries and theories in biology, philosophy and psychology since William James. FREDERICK C. HOWE.

Siasconset, Nantucket, Mass.

Answering Mr. Keyser

SIR: Mr. Leander S. Keyser's objection to the hypothesis of organic evolution is based on the failure of science to exhibit the conversion of the inorganic into the organic. He regards the intervention of a "wise creator" as the more probable explanation of the origin of life and the variety of species.

Accordingly, it is fair to ask him to exhibit a case of creation (since for him seeing is believing), and also to produce a creator. But if it is possible to believe in a creator without experiencing one, it is also possible to believe in evolution. Mr. Keyser admits in his own suggested hypothesis that what we call "fact" is not always "proved" by laboratory tests.

J. WILLIAM MILLER.

Rochester, New York.

The Railroad Investor's Plight

SIR: In your issue of August 1st, in an article concerning Senator Magnus Johnson, it is said that shortly after coming to Minnesota he bought forty acres of land at fifteen dollars per acre, and later a hundred acres more of adjoining land at seventy-five dollars per acre. As this increase in value no doubt pertains to Minnesota farm land in general would it not be correct to say that farm lands are more highly watered than railway stocks, about which there is so much complaint? In other words, Senator Johnson expects his original purchase to make a return to him on five times its cost. Have any railway shares increased to five times their value during the past twenty-five years? If Mr. Johnson had purchased shares of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad at the time he purchased his land, he would find them worth today less than one-fifth of the purchase price. The shrinkage in Chicago & Northwestern or Great Northern would be one-half, and if he had been so unlucky as to have purchased New Haven shares, he could not sell them today for ten percent of what he paid for them. Even such standard shares as Pennsylvania and New York Central are selling at considerably less than they were twenty-five years ago.

If Senator Johnson is really the fair-minded man that he seems to be from your article, he should do something for the poor railway investors who have lost most of their capital, rather than for the farmers, whose capital has been greatly increased through the transportation furnished by railway investors.

PHILIP W. HENRY.

New York City.

The Morals of the Press

SIR: In Bruce Bliven's article on Newspaper Morals, the idea is set forth that the people are responsible for the quality and truth of the newspapers. The majority of the American people are credulous, and believe whatever their favorite paper prints; they do not realize that the newspapers are run for private profit only. For do not the papers tell us that they are a public enterprise, published for the public's benefit? They also tell us that they are truthful, fearless, and just.

Victor Hugo tells us that a society is culpable for the darkness which it produces. He says teach the ignorant as much as you can. If the papers came out in bold type and told us that they were not published for the welfare of the people, but for profit, then the people would be the cause for the fearful, truthless, and unjust papers. But now, as in the past, the few must lead the many to the true light, and those in power are responsible for the night which is produced by the lying and perverted newspapers.

Mr. Bliven also stresses the point that the editors of conservative newspapers sincerely endorse the doctrines they set forth. On December 14, 1918, The New Republic printed an article by Maxwell Anderson from which we learn that all the writers of newspapers are the same as all other wage-slaves with a chain around their necks, ready to write anything the unscrupulous owners dictate. . . .

On page 400 of The Brass Check, we read of a toast, "An Independent Press," made by John Swinton, "an old-time journalist, venerated in his day, and editor of the New York Tribune." "There is no such thing as an independent press, unless it is in the country towns," he says. "There is not one of you who dares to write his honest opinions. . . . The business of the New York journalist is to destroy the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his race and his country for his daily bread. . . . We are the jumping jacks; they pull the strings and we dance. We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. Our talents, our possibilities, and our lives are the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes." Why didn't the editors of the 1,300 newspapers to whom Sinclair sent a letter, appealing to them to utter a protest against the Associated Press—if they are honest and if they adopt a code of ethics promising to be truthful, just and unbiased—why didn't they utter a protest against the lying A. P.?

"If the editors and writers would write their views exactly as they see and as they feel for a space of three days, there would be such a revolution in the United States as would put that of France to shame." So writes William Marion Reedy, a journalist of some forty years, in The Brass Check.

BENJAMIN P. CHASE.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

[Mr. Chase misses the main point of my article, which was that generally speaking, people will not read a good newspaper even when they get a chance. They desert the honest, conscientious journal which prefers dull truth to spicy fiction, and flock to the standard of vulgarity and sensationalism. Most of those who criticise the "capitalist press" do so with an implied or explicit declaration that the radical press is free from its faults. Yet it is notorious that radicals don't read radical papers—certainly, not in sufficient numbers to keep them going. The workingman, even the Socialist workingman, turns from the papers published in his own behalf to follow Mr. Hearst. To expect such a situation to be cured by having conservative papers state explicitly what everybody knows, that they are published for profit, seems to me as ridiculously naive as it is to accept statements in one magazine article as gospel truth, because you want to, and to deny those in another for the same reason.—B. B.]

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Bread without Yeast

Bread, by Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00.

IT is easy to generalize about Mr. Norris because all three of his novels are of essentially the same character. He chooses large themes, emphatically announced by his monosyllabic titles—Salt, Brass, Bread. It is to be noted, however, that his novels deal with these themes not in their elementary form, but in their secondary and social aspects. Thus Salt is a novel of education in the institutional sense—of school and the school of life; Brass is not a story of love, but of marriage; and Bread may be called, not a novel of work, but of employment. Mr. Norris writes in the typical form of the English novel—fictitious biography. He sees his heroes and heroines as individuals at odds with institutions which serve badly their needs, and he explores their personalities only to the point of this divergence. Only in their moments of revolt do we see into their souls, and then not very far. Thus Mr. Norris's novels are modern not in form or technique, but in the significance of their themes and the contemporary quality of the author's information about them. They call attention to the part which fiction plays in adult education. The increase of the general knowledge about business, science, industry, politics, war and sex is largely due to novels, and the public does its thinking on these themes largely through the medium of fiction. To knowledge and opinion in regard to the three important topics mentioned Mr. Norris has made a considerable contribution.

Of his three novels Bread is undoubtedly the best, partly because Mr. Norris has been most fortunate in his selections of theme and background. Salt cannot compare with its recent counterparts in England, because the American scene affords nothing so rich as the school and college life in The Oppidan, The Loom of Youth, Sinister Street, or Changing Winds. Brass suffers from its California environment in opulence both of substance and form. Mr. Norris's knowledge of the scene gives him an excess of material which he fails to subdue to the requirements of his theme and which he is tempted to play with or practise upon. His story runs away with him. The book as a serious treatment of the problem of the wedding ring simply does not come off. Brass takes its origin from the material from which Mr. Norris seeks to disengage his theme. Bread on the contrary starts from the theme, which Mr. Norris undertakes to clothe in appropriate material. It is thus on the whole a more workmanlike job than Brass. The background of New York in the last twenty years is competently realized without the obtrusions of the professional naturalist. The narrative never breaks the speed laws, but it never gets lost. The style is without a single gleam of brilliance or distinction, but it avoids the egregious platitudes of Brass. The characters are simple, commonplace, typical folk, like the Hardings and Coolidges about whom we adore to read, treated with the impartial friendliness of Trollope or Howells instead of the mordant contempt of Mr. Sinclair Lewis. And whether we accept Mr. Norris's conclusion or not as a solution of his problem, we agree that it is the logical result of the heroine's experience.

Bread is the story of a woman's adjustment to institutions—to employment in opposition to marriage and the home. Jeannette Sturgis does not regard work in itself as salvation, and yet she shows a peculiarly feminine capacity for living in her work, for becoming absorbed in it, for finding her satisfaction in doing it well herself and in promoting like efficiency on the part of others, the girls whom she directs and the employer whom she aids. She enjoys also the independence, the power, the sense of well-being and making good which her employment brings her. On the other hand, she resents the barriers erected against her. She surmounts the most serious of these, which would prevent her from becoming in name as well as in fact a responsible executive, with men under her orders, but she never can traverse the unwritten law that she shall be paid at best only half what a man would get for the same service. This is a rankling barb in her flesh. Altogether the psychology of the working woman is admirably expressed; and it is with real if unostentatious skill that Mr. Norris takes this psychology into the home, during Jeannette's brief experience of married life.

The crisis of the book is when Jeannette's instinct for motherhood is defeated by her insistence on efficiency which has become her second nature. The main burden of the opposition, however, is borne by her sister Alice, who marries for good and has five children. There is something distinctly old-fashioned about this arrangement of Mr. Norris's stage. The enforcement of his conclusion by directed conversation, is deadly Victorian. The final catastrophe partakes of the logic of fiction rather than of life. But, on the other hand, the realization of life within the institutions on which Mr. Norris's story runs as an engine on its tracks—the sordid apartment house where Jeannette lives with her mother and sister, the promotion establishment where she first knows the joy of the pay envelope, the great publishing house of which she becomes the adjusting mechanism, her own home in the little vulgar Long Island suburb, and especially the multitude of characters needed to people the several worlds of which these places are parts—all this shows excellent workmanship. We get the movement of American middle class life during the last twenty years, and the very quality of that life today.

In only one respect do we find Mr. Norris's realism markedly at fault—that is in his financing. His budgets remind us of the statements which appear year after year in college catalogues, according to which "very liberal" spenders cannot exceed $1,400 a year. It is quite inconceivable that Jeannette and Martin should have supported their gay supper-giving, theatre-going, poker-playing existence on fifty dollars a week, even twenty years ago; and today Jeannette, as the head of a mail order department doing a business of millions, would be getting nearer a hundred dollars than fifty dollars a week. These observations may seem trivial—but they suggest after all the success which Mr. Norris has achieved in making us take life on his terms, as representing the interests of his characters and as drawn to the scale of their values. Any error in measurement shows in the final picture. Money is one of the essential things in the problem which Mr. Norris presents; we are bound to admit that an author should not issue money to his characters as lavishly as a Russian printing press, but neither should he be unduly parsimonious. In his realistic reprobation of the romantic novel reader's satisfaction of cheap money, we think Mr. Norris has kept his characters throughout too short of cash.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Inland from the Sea

Selected Poems, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

IT is not difficult, and it is pleasant to remember the strange excitement which increased as one raced through The Everlasting Mercy for the first time, and left one, having passed through the white fire of the last few lines, in a mood which people who feel it often, call exaltation, a state of mind which commands one to tell everybody else that here is something wonderful and new, that here is a great poem, and he who wrote it a great man. That was what we were calling Masefield then, and after The Widow in the Bye Street and Dauber he seemed even greater. What's the word to us now? Great or near-great, or not really great—it is more interesting to ask ourselves what are the things that make this poet himself and so different from others, and leave to others, who shall have inherited all our signposts, and cannot know the thrill of our discovery, the pleasure of designing, like a tombstone, the final phrase of estimate. But he has expressed this fear a great deal better himself (in Biography)—the scorn he has for these who years from now will cast over him

> That frost of fact by which our wisdom gives
> Correctly stated death to all that lives.

Masefield's poetry escapes all labels. Call it romantic, and plain people and their plain, often ugly, words rise from it to give you the lie. Call it realistic, and these plain people are seen to move in chambers of the spirit unencumbered by material furniture, and their familiar homely words glow with a new flame. So let's stop calling it names. Only one adjective peculiarly applies to it; Masefield's poetry is his own: the best of it flows, with no trace of alien influence or accent, from the depths of his own life. In a world in which so much poetry is palpably shaved and powdered to appear in public, Masefield's is personal, almost private, and such verses as those which end: "O grave keep shut lest I be shamed," while they touch one extraordinarily, embarrass one too, as if they were not meant to be overheard. It is perhaps their so obviously genuine privacy that makes them so moving: here is a man who talks to himself just as he would to the world's audience, and cares so much more for telling the truth to himself that knowledge of a thousand eavesdroppers cannot trouble his utterance into self-consciousness. He wears often a bleedingly naked heart on his sleeve, not to impress you or me, or win a tear from us, but because he could not be happy otherwise, nor live at peace with his heart. And let's not here make the mistake of implying that he is in any way his own audience nor that he is at all divisible into the familiar double, the creator and the self-listener. Sentimentality, that false flowering of true feeling, requires a listener, be it only the sympathetic other half of oneself, and Masefield, since he speaks without listening, can without sentimentality pour out his soul upon the subject of death, love, time, beauty, grief, where others, speaking of things so large and stirring, fall into excess of restraint.

Neither the mark of an earlier age—excess, nor of our own—restraint, doubt, self-division, lies upon Masefield's poetry. We "intellectuals," who read hundreds of books, who use thousands of words from the language of today, who know our place in history, and possess the same mass of knowledge and ideas, which in each head is only reshuffled like a pack of cards, we are all pock-marked with contemporaneity, and cattle will sooner wear away their brands than we the imprint of this age, this year. Sailors are contemporaries, not of ourselves, but of each other in all centuries, for the sailor has been written upon not by books or ideas or people but by the sea, which has been pretty much the same for a long while. And like the sailor's face and bearing, Masefield's poetry, also the product of experience much more than association, seems personal, unrelated, timeless. A sailor's life on his narrow floating world is all of one piece: dull work and hard work and great storms and trivial winds are inseparable partners in it. For Masefield—the earlier Masefield—life seems an ocean which can be scooped up in cupfuls, or sailed over or written on, but not canalized, dammed, stored, separated as is the way with life of us more "civilized," indoor people. Over Masefield's poetry broods the weather rather than hangs a ceiling.

It may be accident and it may be because the sea is the best part of him, the background of his life, but at any rate Dauber seems to me to contain Masefield's finest poetry. Has he, or indeed anybody else in this young century, done anything to beat the storm in the Straits? Those rolling stanzas, accumulating music as they go, which would rule rather than serve any but the most ardent imagination, rush and beat on and on with the certainty of deep, generous seas. If Masefield is best at sea, what then of inland poems like The Everlasting Mercy and The Widow in the Bye Street? Here too is something of the same vast salty melancholy, the plain words of men who work with their hands, the ever recurring note like the quaintly sad strains of an accordeon, unconscious, timeless, half-heard from around the corner. In both of them is that same sense of the largeness and wholeness of life which makes one expect that at any moment the land will open out to a glimpse of shining water and white sails.

But since he wrote them Masefield has been slowly moving inland. At times, as in Ships and Biography, the old love has revisited him and stirred in him his finest music. Only at times, for in The Daffodil Fields, Philip the King, Lollingdon Downs, Reynard the Fox, Right Royal, Esther, he has taken deeper and deeper root in the land. It is not his element; the best of him comes from his own past, and his past is elsewhere. Gradually a philosophy which in the early poems seemed elemental turns to something only elementary. His subjects invite him, spur him to a gay command of scenes and things new to him, but he is no longer so moved. Over the language and the subject matter has fallen the faint chill of a classic preoccupation—meaning by that an eagerness to revisit in imagination times and places remote from him, which have been travelled and retravelled, plundered and sung and unsung by too many other poets. There is a recurrence of Helen, Greece, Thebes. Heartfelt invocations (O Gods; O Lamentation; O morning star) seem more perfunctory and habitual, as if only by some such heavily jewelled key could he unlock the old treasure house of feeling. The poetry is neater, thinner, tamer, sinking oftener and oftener into mere verse. Over it all blows a land breeze, laden with nearer and gentler perfumes.

Where is the old Masefield? If he would only say to himself once more:

> I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely seas and the sky.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Dostoevskiana

Stavrogin's Confession and the Plan of the Life of a Great Sinner, by F. M. Dostoevsky, with introductory and explanatory notes, translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Virginia Woolf. Richmond: The Hogarth Press. Six shillings.

Dostoevsky: Letters and Reminiscences; translated from the Russian by S. S. Koteliansky and J. Middleton Murry. New York: Alfred K. Knopf. $2.50.

THE rage for the inédit is riding Russia. Literary ragpickers are plucking at the meanest scraps of paper which untidy geniuses have neglected to destroy. The salvaged bits are piously collected, amply commented upon, and printed whenever conditions permit, to the pleasure and occasional profit of the "learned little acrid archive men." To the general they are caviar or they are husks. Stavrogin's Confession is perhaps the only work of genuine literary significance which has been rescued so far.

It is a chapter from The Possessed, omitted from that novel and recently found in proof among the papers of the author's late widow. Herein Stavrogin, the central figure of The Possessed, confesses to Bishop Tikhon his crime of raping a child. The fragment has no place in the novel, although it can be made to fit into the plot. As shown in a paper included in the volume, the Confession is inconsistent with Stavrogin's character, and belongs to an early conception of the novel which was eventually abandoned. At the same time, it is practically a finished piece of work, which shows Dostoevsky's tragic art at its best, with all its psychological subtleties and emotional intensities. Once more we see the rapt face above the gnarled shoulders bowed over the abysm of the human soul, until his head swims and ours with it.

The fragment has a bearing on one of the most lurid legends centring about Dostoevsky's name. Stavrogin's crime has been imputed to the novelist himself. In the light of the damaging statements made by Strakhov and Turgenev and of the convincing character of this narrative, Dostoevsky's biographer faces a problem which is as difficult as it is unsavory. Further, the student will recognize the connection between the Confession and the theme of the repentant sinner which haunted Dostoevsky in his maturer years. Although he never embodied it in a novel, he did project a work to be called The Life of a Great Sinner, which was to be a vast composition and his "last word." The outline of this is included in the book under discussion. The general reader will find small relish in these jottings, written in an unintelligible mental shorthand, and obscured by unskillful rendering. The student, however, will cherish them as material throwing light on the gestation and filiation of Dostoevsky's literary conceptions. The nota bene on The Tone (page 104), which is unfortunately so "Englished" as to lose some of its effectiveness, the investigator of Dostoevsky's technique will ponder as one of the few revelatory admissions of the man who wrote no prefaces to his novels.

In addition to the Confession and the plan of the unwritten novel, the book contains three papers commenting on the texts, all by Russian critics. In view of these inclusions one is disappointed not to find a collation of the two extant versions of the Confession which were published almost simultaneously in the original. One of these is in manuscript, and varies considerably from that given in the book.

The second volume under review consists for the most part of the letters by Dostoevsky which became available for translation just within the last year. As the only letters of his accessible in English occur in an incomplete collection rendered from the German (Letters of Fyodor M. Dostoevsky to his Family and Friends, translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne, 1914), this book will be welcomed by those who make a study of the novelist. His lengthy missives to Maikov and Pobiedonostzev, while introducing no new evidence regarding his opinions, substantiate what we already know of them. The chief interest of this correspondence is the sense it gives of the harsh texture of his days. The faithful bulletins which he dispatched to his wife eight months before his death, while he was attending the Pushkin celebration in Moscow, realize even more vividly the routine of the great writer's existence at the height of his national fame. He carefully notes down the loss of a cuff-link, the cost of a visit to the dentist, the cost of practically every dinner he eats, the cost of the wreaths with which he is to decorate the monument, the possibility of catching cold at the unveiling, the diameter of the laurel-crown with which he was crowned by "over a hundred" women.

Similar homely details fill the reminiscences of Dostoevsky's late widow which are included in the book. They make a meticulous matter of fact narrative, dealing with debts and clothes and crockery and pawn-tickets. The lady, who had been his stenographer before she became his second wife, evinces the loyalty of a good secretary as well as of a faithful spouse, jealously loved by her husband. The material given here is merely a fragment taken from her memoirs (still unpublished) which cover the entire period of her married life, coinciding with the ripest years of her husband's literary activity. It would have been more reasonable had the compilers of this volume curbed their impatience until the original manuscript was released in its entirety.

The book has all the earmarks of having been hastily thrown together. The selection which the editors have made from the recent Dostoevskiana is not unexceptionable. Thus, for instance, they omit two interesting letters addressed to Mme. Guseva in 1880, that figure in the Russian volume edited by Dolinin from which over half of their material appears to have been taken. One also misses a letter of Maikov's which Dolinin prints, describing the young Dostoevsky as he sat on the bed in his nightshirt "like a dying Socrates," seeking to win his friend over to a revolutionary secret society of which he himself was a member. And one looks in vain for Mme. Dostoevsky's notes, published in 1921, which she penned on the margins of the definitive edition of her husband's works. Messrs. Koteliansky and Murry find place, however, for Belchikov's wordy, pedantic introduction to Dostoevsky's letters to his wife. The prefatory and biographical notes are not without lapses which are due either to laxity or ignorance.

These two volumes are the first imported fruits of an interest in Dostoevsky which in Russia has developed from the stage of ejaculatory enthusiasm to that of solemn scholarship. If the hopes of the Russian students of the novelist are realized, they will soon have a review entirely devoted to Dostoevsky and his contemporaries, analogous to that which exists for Pushkin's sake.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY.

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Matter Enough!

Matter, Life, Mind, and God, by R. F. Alfred Hoernlé. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. $2.00.

THE purpose of this book is to show that all these things—matter, life, mind, and God—are essentially the same thing. This is a staggering task. But it is not too much for a metaphysician, though even he requires a little arranging. Mr. Hoernlé accomplishes it by arranging to admit his subjects only sub specie aeternitatis.

Stated more generally, his objective is a synoptic view of science and religion as they are presented in the best of modern thought—or at least in that which lends itself to synopsis. However separate and different science and theology may seem to the casual eye to be, there is an essential identity between them which it devolves upon the right-minded philosopher to demonstrate. Professional decency, indeed, requires that he shall make none but respectable assumptions; that despite all appearances to the contrary he shall present science and religion to the world as an ineffably happy family: "the two who are two and yet are one." Now keen observers of the family system will agree that this is an accurate description, and that it only remains to be determined which one is the one. And here opinions usually differ.

Both science and religion are at bottom activities: the one practical, the other spiritual. The ideas of science are the intellectual accumulation of the activities of an organism struggling with its environment. Theology, on the other hand, is the reduction to articulate literary expression of another sort of experience—the emotional transfiguration through which men seem able sometimes to feel the whole significance of life and meaning of cosmos. In so far as these two ways of life become separated, as they do among sophisticated peoples, neither is immediately pertinent to the other. Practical problems are solved by physical knowledge and devices; spiritual crises are surmounted through the devout practice of the spiritual life.

This difference of drive and function is as complete as the distinction of the sexes, and it presents the same obstacle to perfect ensemble. In the synoptic perspective one element or the other must dominate the picture. If theology be viewed from the point of view of science, it is seen to consist largely of obsolete ideas founded upon inaccurate observation. In short, it is bad science. One can even see why this must be true. Religion is in essence a scheme of life. As such it is deeply traditional, with a strong tendency to stability and cultural longevity. The practical problems to which such a way of life relates are therefore certain to be in large part those of long ago, as are also the intellectual terms in which these problems are envisaged. As ideas, taken at their present practical valuation, they are obsolete as a matter of course. And though that signifies precisely that religion is no mean and practical technology, it also implies that viewed as knowledge theology does not rank. To a synopsis of science and theology done from the scientific point of view, theology has nothing whatever to contribute.

There is the other point of view, however, from which knowledge may be scrutinized for its contribution to the spiritual life. Here synopsis is equally difficult, the difficulty being that in spite of their abstract form the ideas of science are highly specific and acutely limited in application. They are bound to specifically secular contexts by the very variables and infinities which give them breadth. And by their utter resistance to transplantation they render themselves practically unavailable for devotional employment.

To this synoptic impasse Mr. Hoernlé comes with the enthusiasm of an accomplished writer and the assurance of a disciple of a school that has specialized for some centuries in the Majestic Compromise, the school of the Absolute—that Absolute which is a sacrilege as God and a travesty as knowledge. He makes the best possible case out of the most authentically modern materials. And he presents it in the vigorous and vivacious style with which the readers of The New Republic are happily familiar. As a statement the book is intelligible to the point of transparency.

The materials of the argument are not unfamiliar. The last few years have seen enormous strides in a number of scientific fields, of which the splitting of the atom may be taken as typical. Now men's imaginations are very easily stirred by large achievement, and ample opportunity has been given in these later years to romantic minds to picture nature as yielding up at last her ultimate mysteries, or at least to feel that the human mind is coming appreciably nearer the supposed final goal of all research. There is nothing in Einstein, to take another case, any more than there was in Ptolemy or Euclid to justify such presumptions; in either case the presumption is a purely emotional reaction to a pretty piece of demonstration. But the reaction seems inevitably to take this form, so that the splitting of the atom and the analysis of its components in electromagnetic formulae have prompted enthusiasts to suppose that they have found the ultimate substance of the universe to be "energy." So great is the relief to discover that it is not "matter," that many have failed to note that such use of the concept "energy" takes it quite out of the context of physics and makes of it a sort of magic fire like the phlogiston of mediaeval alchemy.

But philosophers are quite at home in mediaeval contexts, so much so, indeed, that the number and size and obscurity of the treatises assimilating the new physics of Rutherford and of Einstein to the most ancient metaphysics is positively overawing. Upon Mr. Hoernlé's showing "science" is revealing the ultimate nature of substance (sub-atomic physics), the metaphysical identity of space and time (relativity), the ineffable wisdom of the design of the universe (physical chemistry), and the capacity of psychologists to hold on to the soul through thick and thin in their tussle with the organism.

These things, taken with that anaemic Absolute which perforce does service in modern metaphysics for the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, do make a certain case for the convergence of science and religion. But it is deeply doubtful whether it is a case that will convince either William Jennings Bryan or Sir Ernest Rutherford and Albert Einstein.

C. E. Ayres.

Sense and Sensibility

One Hundred Best Books, by John Cowper Powys. New York: American Library Service. $1.25.

Samphire, by John Cowper Powys. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.00.

THE way of the eclectic is not straight and narrow. It is a railroad with a signal system of superlatives, red and green lights, epithets and pat phrases, at each

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crossing; and there are too many junctions. One must change cars every few miles, and buy a new ticket, and have it punched. It is slow and roundabout and sentimental: "the scenic route." Mr. Powys's reprinted One Hundred Best Books is an extremely small affair beside his artful elaborate Visions and Revisions; but all of this influential lecturer's work illustrates excellently this type of criticism.

To be sure he weighs and measures, as a critic should; and records his findings. But his boundless enthusiasm, applying to such diverse objects, gives rise to a thousand criteria. Each flagrant example, of no matter what, delights him; and he shifts for a moment to a viewpoint approximating the one from which it was made. He uses a different scale for each phenomenon: yards, metres, paces, fathoms, grams and tons, pounds and poods. Comparative values are lost. A catalogue of such opinions is chaos.

Frenzy persists in his verse but it is an expression of personal frenzy, and not actually poetic. Terror, for example, may be transferred in some degree to a reader without art, through repetition, community of suffering, community of terms. But as expression, Mr. Powys's data are inadequate and vague. The emotion is always in excess of the situation. A strictly aesthetic sensation does not require this reference to experience. The corresponding aesthetic emotion is not terror as it exists in experience; it is unique, and may be called beauty-of-terror. It is based upon an apprehension of pattern, of relationships.

Mr. Powy's verse seems meant to devastate, to appal, not by beauty, but by the emotions which have anteceded it in himself.

> Without rudder, without sail
> Drifts my soul, the brig "Disaster,"
> And the madness of the gale
> Takes the place of mate or master.

The reveries are oratorical, the ballads theatrical. We think of the emotions he meant to transfer from himself to us: and conclude that even if his excitement did not so nearly derange his expressive devices, the result would be too furious, too momentary to resemble art. Art is unlike the ocean or a raging river; a sphere of dew is its prototype in organization. Without integral convictions, a derelict talent, Mr. Powys plunges down a river; but it is only the river of sensibility.

GLENWAY WESCOTT.

Our Early Foreign Policy

Jay's Treaty: A Study in Commerce and Diplomacy, by Samuel Flagg Bemis. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.25.

The Personal Genesis of the Monroe Doctrine, by William A. MacCorkle. New York: Putnam's. $1.50.

THE volume by Professor Bemis "was awarded the prize of $3,000 in the competition conducted by the Knights of Columbus to encourage investigation into the origins, the achievements and the problems of the United States; to interpret and perpetuate the American principles of liberty, popular sovereignty and government by consent; to promote American solidarity; and to exalt the American ideal." The title scarcely does justice to the book, which is in reality a detailed study of our early foreign policy, in so far as it relates to problems of Anglo-American commerce and the western frontier disputes. It is a model of method and achievement in diplomatic history, setting forth clearly the general economic, commercial and political background of the problems and disputes which led to the Jay Treaty, the general world situation in politics and diplomacy as it affected the issues involved, the characteristics of the leading personalities who figured in the policies and negotiations, and the diplomatic methods pursued. It is to be hoped that the laudable stimulus to historical publications by the Knights of Columbus which this monograph represents will result in the same high level of achievement in the future. In any event, students of American history will be grateful for the present service.

The work by Mr. MacCorkle, a former governor of West Virginia, is of quite a different character. It is a sectional shaft directed against such New England historians as Worthington C. Ford and Charles Francis Adams, who claim the authorship of John Quincy Adams for essential parts of the Monroe Doctrine. The purpose and character of the book is well brought out in the following paragraph:

> Would Massachusetts pluck a jewel from the diadem of old Virginia? Have not those sister states been arm in arm on many bloody fields and striven together in many mighty crises? Old Virginia's bosom is seamed with wounds inflicted for our country's weal. Her sacrifices have been too great, her gifts to the country too stupendous, for any one to take from her that which is more lovely than sacrifice and more enduring than gifts—the memory of great deeds done by her sons. Let us keep that which is securely ours. Surely Massachusetts, with the wealth and glory of her great name, her splendid memories and wonderful traditions, her patriots, her intellectual splendor and wealth, has enough, without bereaving the old Commonwealth of Virginia of that which belongs to her.

All that Mr. MacCorkle proves, if he proves anything, is that Monroe took an active, and in some cases a supervisory, interest in the foreign relations and negotiations out of which grew the so-called "Monroe Doctrine." There is nothing in the work which constitutes any serious challenge to Mr. Ford's view that Adams was the leading personal factor on this side of the Atlantic in securing Monroe's qualified assent to Canning's proposal and may actually have phrased vital sections of the doctrine as embodied in Monroe's message.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Irish Heroes for Children

Battles and Enchantments, retold from Early Gaelic Literature, by Norrys Jephson O'Conor. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

NO one who recognizes the validity in juvenile life of violence and cruelty, energies later transferable to productive ends, will hesitate to give children such books as Mr. O'Conor's merely because they are bloody. But

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adaptations of primitive literature, especially the Celtic, commonly connect these emotions with the dangerous concepts of honor, prowess and the nation. Naturally a populace saturated with such legends is easily swept by mob frenzies, and ripe for the demagogue and war-master.

Irish legends have power and loveliness and that rare thing, vision which does not arise from asceticism. Since Mr. Yeats wrote in a preface to Lady Gregory's translations of creating an imperishable unity in Ireland by the development of a common recollection and common lore, his countrymen seem to have bent their energies to other sorts of unity, less certain to seem desirable after the death of a few orators and soldiers. But the great legendary outlines remain, and when the revolution is arrested will probably be filled with whatever meaning men have most in their minds.

Mr. O'Conor's book is a worthy although not pretentious addition to this literature. One must still go to Lady Gregory's books to find the flavor at its sharpest, the Celtic face at its bleakest, the crafty speech at its wittiest, and the description of women, metal-work, fabrics and hounds at its most sumptuous. Mr. O'Conor says that he has retained "as much of the original beauty or phrase and imagery as is consistent with coherent narrative;" but at their best the original stories are often incoherent to our taste, being full of inventories, riddles and lists of names.

G. W.

Contributors

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GLENWAY WESCOTT has contributed verse to the Dial and Poetry.

HARRY ELMER BARNES has been professor of the history of thought at Clark University and a member of the teaching staff of the New School of Social Research. He is the author of The Social History of the Western World.

FRANCES B. WILLIAMS, author of Wlad of the Beets in The New Republic of August 8th, is not a member of the staff of the National Child Welfare Association, but of the National Child Labor Committee. The facts contained in her article were the result of the work of three field agents of that committee in Michigan.

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